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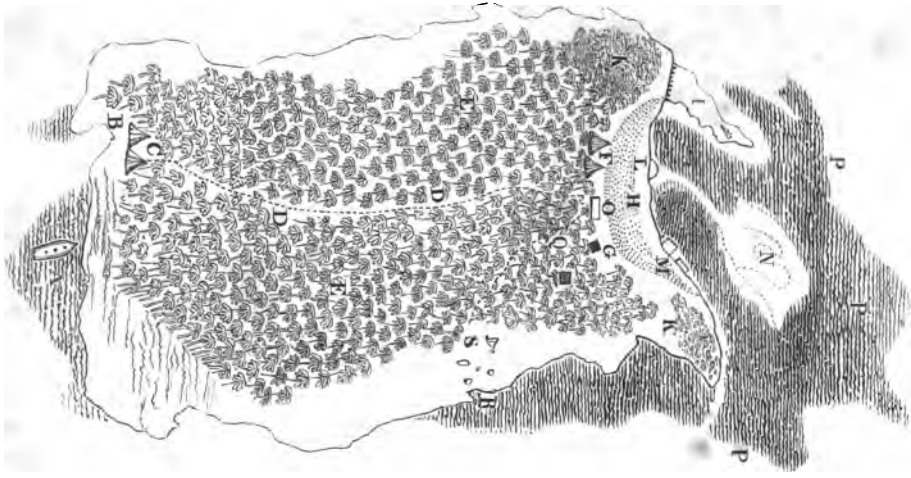
PLAN OF THE ISLAND,

SHOWING WHERE THE PACIFIC WAS WRECKED, THE HABITATIONS, &c.



FRONTISPIECE.

A *Wreck of the Pacific.*
B *Cove where they landed.*
C *Tents first put up.*
D D *Path through the grove.*
E E *Cocoa-nut grove.*
F *Tents put up on arrival at the east end of the island.*
G *Well.*
H *Sandy beach.*
I *Garden.*
K *Meadow land.*
L *Salt-pan.*
M *Turtle and fish-pond.*
N *Deep water inside the reefs.*
O *New house.*
P *Reef of rocks.*
Q *Storehouse and stockade.*
R *Boat-harbour.*
S *Tents and clumps of trees at south of the island.*

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MASTERMAN READY;

OR,

THE WRECK OF THE PACIFIC.

WRITTEN FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY

CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

A New Edition in Two Volumes,

EMBELLISHED WITH NINETY-TWO ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
HENRY G. BOHN, YORK-STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
1854.

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MASTERMAN READY;

OR,

THE WRECK OF THE PACIFIC.

STACKING FUEL.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, Ready," said Mr. Seagrave, "after breakfast, which is to be our next job?"

"Why, sir, I think we had better all set to, to

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collect the branches and ends of the cocoa-nut trees cut down, and stack them for fuel; Master Tommy and Juno have already made a good large pile, and I think, by to-night, we shall have made the stack, and so arranged it, that the rain will not get into it much. After that, as the weather will not permit us to leave the house for any time, we will cut our salt-pan and make our fishpond: they will take a week at least, and then we shall have little more to do near home. I think the strength of the rains is over already, and perhaps in a fortnight we may venture to walk through the wood, and examine what we have saved from the wreck; we shall have plenty to do in sorting and preparing the different articles before the fine weather returns, and we can then bring them round in the boat and fill our storehouse."

"And we are to explore the island; are we not, Ready?" said William. "I long to do that."

"Yes, Master William; but that must be almost the last job; for we shall be away for two or three nights, perhaps, and we must look out for fine weather. We will, however, do that before we bring the stores round in the boat."

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"But how are we to make the salt-pan, Ready? We must cut it out of the solid rock."

"Yes, Master William; but I have three or four of what they call cold chisels—those short, thick pieces of iron, with one end sharpened, which are in the storehouse—and with one of them and a hammer, we shall get on faster than you think; for the coral rock, although hard at the surface, is very soft a little below it."

The whole of that day was employed in piling up the cocoa-nut branches and wood. Ready made a square stack, like a haystack, with a gable top, over which he tied the long branches, so that the rain would pour off it.

"There," said Ready, as he came down the ladder, "that will be our provision for next year; we have quite enough left to go on with till the rainy season is over, and we shall have no difficulty in collecting it afterwards when the weather is dry; this must be kept for the next rainy season."

Mr. Seagrave sighed and looked grave; Ready observed it, and said, "Mr. Seagrave, it is not that we may want it; but still we must prepare for the next rainy season, in case we do want it. That Captain Osborne, if he lives, will send

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to look for us, I have no doubt; nay, I believe that Mackintosh will do the same; but still you must not forget that they all may have perished, although we have been so mercifully preserved. A small boat has a poor chance when it has to run many hundred miles in the open sea; and if they should have perished, we may remain here for years before we are discovered. We must put our trust in God, sir."

"We must, Ready; and if it is His will, we must not murmur. I have schooled myself as much as possible; but thoughts will come, in spite of my endeavours to restrain them."

"Of course they will, sir; that's natural: however, sir, you must hope for the best; fretting is no good, and it is sinful."

"I feel it is, Ready; and when I see how patient, and even happy, my wife is under such privations, I am angry with myself."

"A woman, sir, bears adversity better than a man. A woman is all love, and if she has but her husband and children with her, and in good health, she will make herself happy almost anywhere: but men are different: they cannot bear being shut out of the world as you are now; although perhaps they would be happier for not

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being mixed up with it, if they could only think so."

"It is our ambition which makes us unhappy, Ready," replied Mr. Seagrave; "but let us say no more about it: God must dispose of me as he thinks fit. The sun has set; let us go home: come, William."

After supper, Ready, being requested by William, continued his narrative:—

"I left off, if I recollect right, Master William, just as the Hottentot, with the cattle under his care, had frightened away the baboons who were tormenting us. Well, sir, we came out of the cave and sat down under the rock, so that the Hottentot could not see us, and we had a sort of council of war. Romer was for going back and giving ourselves up again; for he said it was ridiculous to be wandering about, without any arms to defend ourselves against wild beasts, and that we might fall in with something worse than the baboons very soon; and he was right. It would have been the wisest thing which we could have done; but Hastings said, that if we went back, we should be laughed at; and the idea of being laughed at made us all agree that we would not. You see, Master William, the fear of being

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laughed at is the occasion of not only boys, but even men, doing very foolish things. We had done wrong, and we would not do right because we were afraid of ridicule; in fact, we were determined to risk our lives and run into any danger and hardship, because we could not bear to be laughed at for our folly, as we deserved to be. Bear this in mind, Master William, and never let the fear of ridicule induce you to do what is wrong; or if you have done wrong, prevent you from returning to what is your duty."

"Many thanks for your advice, Ready; I hope William will not forget it," said Mr. Seagrave; "more people are laughed into error than persuaded into it."

"Well, sir, such was our reason for not giving up our mad scheme; and having so decided, the next point of consultation between us was, how we were to procure arms and ammunition, which we could not do without. As we were talking this over, I peeped from behind the rock, to see where the Hottentot might be; I perceived that he had laid himself down, and wrapped himself up in his kross, a mantle of sheep-skins which they always wear. Now we had observed that he carried his musket in his hand, when we first saw him, as

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the Hottentots always go out armed, and I pointed out to Hastings and Romer, that if he was asleep, we might get possession of his musket without his perceiving it. This was a good idea, and Hastings said he would crawl to him on his hands and knees, while we remained behind the rock. He did so very cautiously, and found the man's head covered up in his kross and fast asleep; so there was no fear, for the Hottentots are very hard to wake at any time; that we knew well. Hastings first took the musket and carried it away, out of the reach of the Hottentot, and then he returned to him, cut the leather thong which slung his powder-horn and ammunition, and retreated with all of them without disturbing the man from his sleep. We were quite overjoyed at this piece of good luck, and determined to walk very cautiously some distance from where the Hottentot lay, that in case he awoke, he should not see us. Keeping our eyes about in every direction, lest we should meet with anybody else, we proceeded nearly a mile towards Table Bay, when we fell in with a stream of water. This was another happy discovery, for we were very thirsty; so we concealed ourselves near to the stream after we had quenched our thirst, and

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made a dinner off the provisions we had brou with us."

"But, Ready, did you not do wrong to steal Hottentot's musket?"

"No, Master William; in that instance it co not be considered as a theft. We were in enemy's country, trying to escape; we were the fore just as much at war with the country as were when they took us prisoners, and we more stole the musket than they could be s to have stolen our ship. Am I not right, M Seagrave?"

"I think so: when two nations are at w the property of either, when taken, is confiscat In your position, you were justified in appropriati any property you might get hold of, which wou further your attempts to escape; although should not think you would have been moral justified if you had murdered and robbed, or ev robbed wantonly."

"Exactly so; but, in attempting our escap had it been necessary to have either surrender ourselves as prisoners again, or have taken th life of those who would have made us captives, w should have been justified in killing the parties."

"I believe you are justified in what may seer

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extreme acts, for the recovery of your liberty, after you have been made prisoners. It has always been so considered."

"Well, sir, to go on: we waited till dusk, and then we continued our march towards False Bay as fast as we could. We knew that there were farmers down in the valley, or rather the sides of the hills, and we hoped to obtain, by some means or other, two more muskets. It was near twelve o'clock at night, with a bright moon, when we had a sight of the water in False Bay, and soon afterwards we heard the baying of a large dog, and not far from us we distinguished two or three farmhouses, with their cattle-folds and orchards. We then looked for a hiding-place, where we might remain till the morning; we found one between some large pieces of rock. We agreed that one should watch while the other two slept: this Hastings undertook to do, as he was not inclined to sleep. At daylight he woke Romer and me, and we made our breakfast. From the place we were concealed in, we had a bird's-eye view of the farmhouse, and of what was going on.

"The farmhouse and buildings just below us were much smaller than the other two, which

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were more distant. We watched the people they went about. In about an hour the Hotte tots came out, and we perceived that they we yoking the oxen to the waggon; they yok twelve pair, and then the Hottentot driver g in and drove off towards Cape Town, accor panied by a Hottentot lad and the big do Soon after that, another Hottentot drove t cows up the valley to feed; and then a Dutc woman came out of the house with two childre and fed the poultry.

WATCHING THE FARMHOUSE FROM THE HILL.

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"We watched for another hour, and then the farmer himself made his appearance, with a pipe in his mouth, and sat down on a bench. When his pipe was out, he called to the house, and a Hottentot woman came to him with more tobacco and a light. During the whole of the day, we did not see any other people about the house, so we concluded that there were no more than the farmer, his wife, the Hottentot woman, and two children. About two hours after noon the farmer went to the stable and led out his horse, mounted, and rode away; we saw him speak to the Hottentot woman when he rode off, and she soon after went down the valley with a basket on her head, and a long knife in her hand. Then Hastings said it was time that we moved, for there was but one woman in the house, and we could easily overpower her and get what we wanted; still there was a great risk, as she might give the alarm, and we should have to escape in the daytime, and might be seen and taken prisoners again. However, as it was our only chance, we resolved to go down to the farmhouse very cautiously, and be all ready to seize any opportunity. We crept down the hill, and gained the fence, which was at the

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back of the farmhouse, without being discovered; we remained there for about a quarter of an hour, when, to our great joy, we observed the farmer's wife go out of the house, leading a child in each hand; apparently she was going to visit one of her neighbours, for she went in the direction of one of the other farms. As soon as she was a hundred yards off, Hastings crept softly through the fence, and entered the farmhouse by the back door; he came out again, and made a sign for us to come in. We found him already in possession of a rifle and a musket, which had been hanging over the fire-place, and we soon handed down the powder-horns and ammunition-pouches, which were hung up at a different part of the room, away from the fire-place.

"Having gained these, Hastings set me to watch at the front door, lest anybody should return, while Romer and he looked out for something else in the way of provisions. We got possession of three hams, and a large loaf of bread as big as a small washing-tub. With these articles we made our way safe back to our retreat. We then looked round, and could see nobody in any direction, so we presumed that we were not dis-

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covered. As there was a sort of ravine full of rocks dividing the hill, which we were obliged to pass before we could get into the valley, unless we went down close to the farmhouse, we agreed that it would be better at once to cross it during the daytime, so that we should get that difficulty over, and, at the same time, be further from the farmhouse. We did so; and found a very secure hiding-place, where we lay down, waiting for the sun to set before we started on our journey into the interior. We had not been there an hour, before we heard the shrill cry of our friends the baboons, on the hill which we had left; and, after that, we perceived them going down towards the farmhouse, and very busy taking the fruit out of the orchard, throwing it from one to the other as fast as they could; for, you see, these cunning animals had found out that the coast was clear, and did not lose so good an opportunity. They were still busy with their work, when the Hottentot came in sight with the cows; and when he approached the farmhouse, they all gave a loud scream, and scampered off as fast as they could. Then, the Dutchwoman was seen coming back, and when she had gone into the house, and spoken to the Hottentot, we

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heard her crying, as she came out again by the back door. About an hour before dusk, the Dutch farmer came home on horseback, and, in a few minutes, we knew, by the shrieking and screams, that he was beating his wife; for you see, sir (that is, we suppose it was so), by her leaving the house, the baboons had ventured to rob the orchard; and I have no doubt it was taken for granted that they had carried off the different articles missing in the house; for they will take anything; so if it was unfortunate for the poor woman, it was very lucky for us, as it removed the suspicion of our being there, and occasioned no search after us; so we quite forgave the baboons all the annoyance they had given us in the morning, in consequence of the good turn they had done us in the evening. I think I had better leave off now, Master William, as it is getting late."

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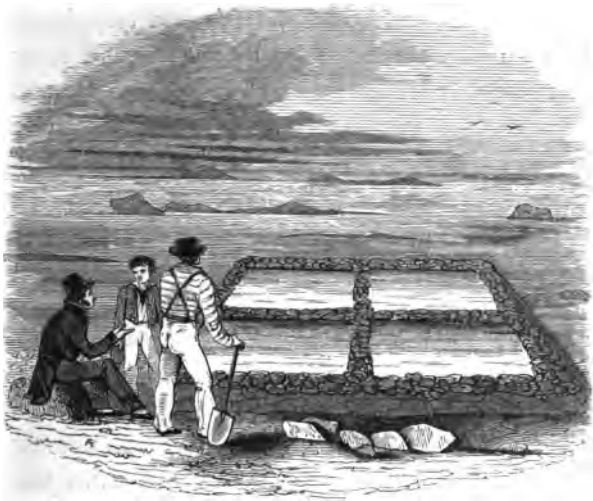

FISHPOND.

CHAPTER II.

THE fishpond was commenced the next morning. Ready, Mr. Seagrave, and William, went down together to the beach, and, after much examination, chose a spot about one hundred yards from the turtle-pond, as most eligible for the purpose; the water being shallow, so that at the part farthest from the shore there would not be more than three feet.

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"Now, sir," said Ready, "this is a very simple job; all we have to do is, to collect small rocks and stones, pile them up wall-fashion inside, and with a slope outside, so as to break the force of the waves when the water is a little rough: of course, the water will find its way through the stones, and will be constantly changed. It's very true, that we can at most times catch fish when we want them, but it is not always that we can spare the time; so it's just as well to have always a certain quantity at hand, to take out at a moment's warning; and we can, of course, catch them and put them in here when we have nothing else to do. Juno will be able to come down and take them out with a spear when we are away and she wants something for dinner. There's nothing like having a ready supply of provisions at all times."

"But there are few stones about here, Ready; we shall have to fetch them a long way," said William.

"Well, then, Master William, let us get the wheels down here, and then we can carry a quantity at a time."

"But how shall we carry them, Ready?"

"We will sling a tub on the axle; I will go up

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and get that ready and bring it down; in the mean time, you and Mr. Seagrave can collect all the stones which are near at hand."

Ready soon returned with the wheels, and the tub slung with rope on the axle, and by that means they found that they could collect the stones very fast; Mr. Seagrave and William bringing them, and Ready in the water, building up the wall.

"We have quite forgot another job which we must put in hand, sir," observed Ready; "but the fishpond reminds me of it."

"What is that, Ready?"

"A bathing-place for the children, and indeed for us all; we shall want it when the hot weather comes on, but we will put it off till then. I can tell you, sir, that although I don't mind building this wall in the shallow water, I shall be very careful when the water is up to my knees, for you don't know how bold the sharks are in these latitudes. When I was at St. Helena, not very long ago, we had a melancholy proof of it."

"Tell us the story, Ready."

"Why, sir, I could not have believed it possible. I did know an instance, something of the

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kind, when I was in the East-Indies; but that was not a shark, but an alligator. A Dutchman, at Trincomalee, was standing on the beach, fishing in the harbour; an alligator swam right up to him, till his snout was within two feet of him; but the Dutchman being on shore, did not care for him, when all of a sudden, the alligator turned short round in the water, and in so doing, with his tail he tripped up the Dutchman and threw him into the water, and then laid hold of him, and dived down."

"Well, but a shark could not do that; could he?"

"Yes, sir. Two soldiers were standing on the rocks at St. Helena; the rocks were out of the water, but the swell just broke over them. Two sharks swam up to them in the same way as the alligator did, and one of them, with a blow of his tail, turning round the same way, tripped one of them off into the water, which was very deep. His comrade was very much frightened, and ran to the barracks to tell the story. About a week afterwards, a schooner was in Sandy Bay, on the other side of the island, and the people seeing a very large shark under the stern, put out a hook with a piece of pork, and caught him; they opened

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him, and found inside of him, to their horror, the whole of the body of the soldier, except the legs below the knees: the monster had swallowed him whole, with the exception of his legs, which had been nipped off when it closed its jaws. I saw the maw and the back-bone of the animal at the barracks, and it certainly was the largest brute of the kind that I ever witnessed in my life."

"I really had no idea that they were so bold, Ready."

"It is a fact, I assure you, sir; and therefore we cannot be too careful how we go into the water: you saw how soon the poor pig was despatched."

"I wonder how the pigs get on, Ready," said William.

"I dare say they have littered by this time, sir; they have no want of food."

"But can they eat the cocoa-nuts?"

"Not the old ones, but they can the young ones, which are constantly dropping from the trees, and then there's plenty of roots for them. If we stay long here we shall soon have good sport hunting them; but we must be very careful, Master William; for although they were tame pigs when we brought them on shore, they will be

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wild and very savage in a very short time. A wild boar is a formidable animal."

"So I believe," said Mr. Seagrave: "how must we hunt them?"

"Why, sir, with the dogs, and then shoot them. I am glad that Vixen is to pup soon; we shall want more dogs."

"I am afraid that we shall have more mouths than we can find food for."

"Never fear that, sir, as long as we have the sea to fish in. Dogs live very well upon fish, even if it is raw: in the northern climes, they get little else."

"We shall have some lambs soon, Ready; shall we not?"

"Yes, sir, I expect very soon. I wish we had more food for the animals: they are put rather hard to it just now; but next year, if we find more food on the island, we must keep the grass near home, to make hay and stack it for the winter-time—or the rainy season rather, for there is no winter in these latitudes. I'm pretty sure we shall find some clear land on the south of the island, for the cocoa-nut grove does not extend so close to the water on that side as it does on the north."

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"I do so long to go on our exploring party," said William.

"We must wait a little, sir," replied Ready; "but I don't know whether you will go: we must not all three go at once, and leave Mrs. Seagrave alone."

"No," replied Mr. Seagrave, "that would not be fair; either you or I must remain, William."

William made no reply, but it was evident that he was annoyed at the idea of not being of the party. They worked very hard that day, and the walls rose fast out of the water. At sunset they broke off and returned to the house.

After supper, Ready continued his narrative. "We remained concealed until it was dark, and then Hastings and Romer, each with a musket on his shoulders and a ham at his back; and I, being the smallest, with a rifle and the great loaf of bread, which was slung to me by a string passing through a hole bored through the middle, set off on our journey. Our intention was to travel north, as we knew that was the road leading from the colony; but Hastings had decided that we should first go to the eastward, so as to make what we sailors call a circumbendibus, which would keep us out of the general track. We

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passed through the deep sands of False Bay, and after that gradually ascended, getting among brushwood and young trees; but we saw no signs of cultivation, nor did we pass one house after we had left False Bay astern of us. About twelve o'clock we were very much fatigued, and longed for a drink of water, but we did not find any, although the moon shone as bright as day. We distinctly heard, however, what we did not much like, the howling and cries of the wild beasts, which increased as we went on; still we did not see any, and that was our comfort. At last we were so tired that we all sat down on the ledge of a rock. We dared not go to sleep, so we remained there till daylight, listening to the howling of the animals. We none of us spoke, and I presume that Hastings' and Romer's thoughts were the same as my own, which were, that I would have given a great deal to find myself safe and sound again within the prison walls. However, daylight came at last; the wild beasts did not prowl any more; we walked on till we found a stream of water, where we sat down and took our breakfast, after which our courage revived, and we talked and laughed as we walked on, just as we had done before. We now began to ascend the

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mountains, which Hastings said must be the Swartz or Black Mountains that the soldiers had talked to us about—they might be, for all I knew, but they were very desolate; and when night came on, we collected brushwood, and cut down branches with our large knives, that we might make a fire, not only to warm ourselves, but to scare away the wild beasts, whose howling had already commenced. We saw two or three during the daytime sunning themselves on the flat rocks —one was a panther; we had loaded our guns: as we passed, it showed its white teeth, but did not move; the others were too far off for us to distinguish what they were. We lighted our fire and ate our supper; the loaf was half gone, and the hams had been well cut into—we knew, therefore, that very soon we should have to trust to our guns for procuring food. As soon as we had finished our meal, we lay down by the fire, with our muskets loaded close to us, and our ammunition placed out of danger. We were so tired that we were soon fast asleep. It had been agreed that Romer should keep the first watch, and Hastings the middle, and I the morning; but Romer fell asleep, and the consequence was, that the fire was not kept up. It was about midnight that I

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was awakened by something breathing hard in my face, and just as I could recall my senses and open my eyes, I found myself lifted up by my waistband, and the teeth of some animal pinching my flesh. I tried to catch at my musket,

HYENA LIFTING READY.

but I put out my wrong hand, and laid hold of a still lighted brand out of the fire, which I darted into the animal's face: it let me drop directly, and ran away."

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"What a providential escape!" said Mrs. Seagrave.

"Yes, it was, ma'am: the animal was a hyena. Fortunately they are a very cowardly sort of beast; still, had it not been for the lighted stick, it would have carried me off, for I was very small then; and it lifted me up as if I was a feather in its mouth. The shout I gave woke Hastings, who seized his musket and fired. I was very much frightened, as you may suppose. As for Romer, he never woke till we pushed him hard, he was so completely knocked up. This affair, of course, made us more cautious, and afterwards we lighted two fires, and slept between them, one always remaining on the watch. For a week we travelled on, and as soon as we were over the mountains, we turned our heads to the northward. We now were away from rocks and brushwood, and entered a large plain. Our provisions were all gone, and we were one day without any; but we killed an antelope called a spring-bock, which gave us provisions for three or four days: there was no want of game after we had descended into the plain. I forgot to mention, however, a narrow escape we had, just before we had left an extensive forest on the side of the moun-

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tain. We had walked till past noon, and were very much tired; we decided upon taking our dinner under a large tree, and we threw ourselves down in the shade. Hastings was lying on his back, with his eyes looking upwards, when he perceived on a lower branch of the tree, a panther, which lay along it, his green eyes fixed upon us, and ready to spring: he seized his musket, and fired it without taking aim, for there was no time; but the ball entered the stomach of the animal, and, as it appeared, divided its back-bone. Down came the beast, within three or four feet of where we lay, with a loud roar, and immediately crouched to spring upon Romer; but it could not, for the back-bone being broken, it had not any power in its hinder quarters, so it raised up its fore-quarters, and then dropped down again. I never saw such rage and fury in an animal in my life. At first we were too much frightened to fire; but, perceiving that the beast could not spring, Hastings snatched the musket from Romer, and shot it through the head."

"That was, indeed, another wonderful escape," observed Mrs. Seagrave.

"It was, ma'am; but do you know, we

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cared less for danger every time we ran into it. We were now obliged to hunt for our livelihood, and we became bolder than ever. Our clothes were all in rags; but we had plenty of powder and ammunition; there were hundreds and hundreds of antelopes and gnus in the plain—indeed, sometimes it was impossible to count them. We didn't want for provisions, I assure you; but this plentiful supply of game was the cause of our being in greater danger, for now, for the first time, we heard the roar of the lions every night. Of all the noises I ever heard, it is certainly the one which, to my mind, is the most terrible. We made large fires to keep them off, but I assure you they often made us tremble when they came near to us."

"Did you ever meet with one in the daytime?" said William.

"Yes, sir; we often saw them, but they never attacked us, and we were too much afraid to fire at them. Once we met one face to face. We had killed an antelope called a hartebeest, and with our muskets on our shoulders, were running to secure it, having marked where it fell in the high grass. Just as we came up to the spot of grass, we heard a roar, and found ourselves not

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ten yards from a lion, who was lying on the top of the beast we had killed, his eyes flashing fire at us, and half raising himself, as if ready for a spring. We all took to our heels as fast as we could. I never looked back till I was out of breath: but the lion was content with our running away, and did not take the trouble to follow us. We went to sleep that night without our supper. Well, sir, we had been travelling, we really hardly knew where, but certainly in a northerly direction, for three weeks, and were quite worn out: we now all agreed that we had done a very foolish thing, and would gladly have gone back again. We walked along the whole day without speaking to one another, except when it was necessary to hunt for provisions; for my part, I declare that I was willing to lie down and die, if I could have so done, and I became quite indifferent to the roaring of the lions, and felt as if I should be glad if one would have made a meal of me; when one morning we fell in with a party of natives. We could not speak to them, but they appeared very peaceable and well-disposed. They were of the Karroo tribe, as they told us by pointing to themselves, and saying, 'Karroos;' and then they pointed to us and said,

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'Dutch.' We shot game and gave it to them, which pleased them very much, and they remained with us for five or six days. We tried by signs to inquire of them, if there were any Dutch settlements about there; and they understood us, and said that there was, in a direction which they pointed out to us, to the north-east. We offered them a present if they would show us the way; for we had made up our minds that we would give ourselves up to the Dutch, and go back to prison. Two of the men agreed to go with us; the rest of the tribe, with the women and children, went southward. The next day we arrived at a Dutch settlement of three or four farmhouses, called Graef Reynets;—but I must leave off now, for it is past bed-time."

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SALT-PAN.

CHAPTER III.

THE construction of the fishpond proceeded rapidly, and on the third day it was nearly complete. As soon as all the walls were finished, Ready threw out sand and shingle, so as to make the part next to the beach nearly as deep as the other; so that there might be sufficient water to prevent the gulls and man-of-war birds from darting down and striking the fish. While

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Ready was thus employed, Mr. Seagrave and William collected more rocks, so as to divide the pond into four parts, at the same time allowing a communication between each part. These inside walls, as well as the outside, were made of sufficient width to walk upon; by which means they would have all the fish within reach of the spear, in case they wished to take them out. The day after the pond was completed, the weather changed, but the storms were not so violent as at the commencement of the rainy season. The rain poured down with great force, but it was not accompanied with such terrific thunder and lightning, nor were the storms of so long continuance, generally clearing up after a few hours. In the intervals of fine weather they caught a great many fish, which they put into the pond, so that it was well stocked. But a circumstance occurred, which was the occasion of great alarm to them all; which was, that one evening William was taken with a shivering, and complained very much of a pain in his head. Ready had promised to continue his narrative on that evening, but William was too ill to sit up. He was put into bed, and the next morning he was in a violent fever. Mr. Seagrave was much alarmed,

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as the symptoms were worse every hour; and Ready, who had sat up with him during the night, called Mr. Seagrave out of the house, and said, "This is a bad case, sir: Master William was working yesterday with his hat off, and I fear that he has been struck by the sun. It's a pity but we had some one who could take some blood from him."

"I have a lancet," said Mr. Seagrave; "but I really have never bled anybody in my life."

"Nor have I, sir; but if you have a lancet, I think it is our duty to try. If you think that you cannot, I will do my best; it is a very simple operation."

"Well, Ready, one of us must do it, I believe."

"Perhaps my hand will be most steady in this instance, sir," observed Ready; "I'm fearful of the fever going to his brain."

"I would prefer your attempting it, Ready, I must say," replied Mr. Seagrave; "my hand would not be steady, I tremble so for my dear child."

They went into the house again. Mr. Seagrave found his lancet, and Ready bound up William's arm. As soon as the vein was swelled, he held it firm under the ball of his thumb, and was successful in the first attempt. By the advice of

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Ready, a great deal of blood was taken from the sufferer, who appeared to be much relieved by the operation. His arm was then bandaged, and having drunk a little water, which he asked for, he again was laid upon his pillow. The next day the fever was as violent as ever. William was bled again, and his mother watched over him with anxiety and in tears. The poor boy was for many days in great danger; and the cheerful house was now one of gloom and silence. How fervent were now the morning and evening prayers; how often during the day did his parents offer up a petition to Heaven for their dear boy's recovery. The weather became finer every day, and it was almost impossible to keep Tommy quiet: Juno went out with him and Albert every morning, and kept them with her while she cooked; and fortunately, Vixen had pupped, and, when Juno could no longer amuse them, she brought them two of the puppies to play with. As for the quiet, meek little Caroline, she would remain during the whole day holding her mother's hand, and watching her brother, or working with her needle by the side of his bed.

Ready, who could not be idle, had taken the

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hammer and cold chisel to make the salt-pan, at which he worked during those portions of the day in which his services were not required in-doors; and as he sat chipping away the rock, his thoughts were ever upon William, for he dearly loved the boy for his amiable disposition and his cleverness; and many a time during the day would he stop his work, and the tears would run down his cheeks as he offered up his petition to the Almighty, that the boy might be spared to his afflicted parents. And those prayers were heard, for, on the ninth day, William was pronounced by Ready and Mr. Seagrave to have much less fever, and shortly afterwards it left him altogether; but he was so weak that he could not raise himself in his bed for two or three days; and it was not till more than a fortnight after the fever had left him that he could go out of the house. The joy that was expressed by them all when the change took place may be imagined: nor were the thanksgivings less fervent than had been the prayers. During his convalescence, as there was nothing else to do, Mr. Seagrave and Ready, who now went gladly to their work, determined, as the salt-pan was finished, that they would make a bathing-place.

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Juno came to their assistance, and was very useful in assisting to drag the wheels which brought the rocks and stones; and Tommy was also brought down, that he might be out of the way, while Mrs. Seagrave and Caroline watched the invalid. By the time that William was able to go out of the house, the bathing-place was finished, and there was no longer any fear of the sharks. William came down to the beach with his mother, and looked at the work which had been done; he was much pleased with it, and said, "Now, Ready, we have finished everything at home for the present; all we have to do is to explore the island, and to go to the cove and examine our collection from the wreck."

"Very true, Master William; and the weather has been so fine, that I think we may venture upon one or the other in a few days more; but not till you are stronger, for you must not be left alone with your mamma until you are quite well."

"Be left, Ready; why, I was to go with you."

"No, Master William, that cannot be now. Suppose we were to have a storm, and you were

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to get wet, and have to sleep in your wet clothes, you might be taken with the fever again, and that when you were a long way from home: we must be prudent for a time. Sit down on the rock and enjoy that nice breeze; it will do you good; but you must not stay too long."

"I shall soon be strong again, Ready; thank God for his goodness."

"I have no doubt of it, Master William; and we have good reason to thank God, for we could ill spare you. I am going to take a turtle out of the pond, for we must feed you well, and make you strong."

"It's a long while since you have gone on with your story, Ready," said William, after they had taken their supper; "I wish you would do so now, as I am sure I shall not be tired."

"With pleasure, Master William," replied Ready; "but can you remember where I left off, for my memory is none of the best?"

"O yes; if you recollect, you had just arrived at a Dutch farmer's house, in company with the savages, at a place called Graef Reynets, I think."

"Very true, sir. Well, then, the Dutch farmer came out when he saw us coming, and asked us who we were. We told him that we were English

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prisoners, and that we wished to give ourselves up to the authorities. He took away our arms and ammunition, and said that he was the authority in that part, which was true enough; and then he said, 'You'll not run away without arms and ammunition, that's certain. As for sending you to the Cape, that I may not be able to do for months; so if you wish to be fed well, you must work well while you're here.' We replied, that we should be very glad to make ourselves useful, and then he sent us some dinner, by a Hottentot girl, and showed us a small room for us to sleep in. But we soon found out that we had to deal with an ill-tempered, brutal fellow; and that he gave us plenty of hard work, but by no means plenty of food. He would not trust us with guns, so the Hottentots went out with the cattle, but he gave us plenty of work to do about the house; and at last he treated us very cruelly. When he was short of provisions for the Hottentots and other slaves, of whom he had a good many, he would go out with the other farmers who lived near him, and shoot quaggas for them to eat. Nobody but a Hottentot could live upon such flesh."

"What is a quagga?"

"A wild ass, partly covered with stripes, but

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THE QUAGGA.

not so much as the zebra; a pretty animal to look at, but the flesh is very bad. Well, sir, he at last would give us nothing to eat but quaggas, the same as the Hottentots, while he and his family—for he had a wife and five children—lived upon mutton and the flesh of the antelope, which is very excellent eating. We asked him to allow us a gun to procure better food, and he kicked Romer so unmercifully, that he could not work for two days afterwards. As for the poor Hotten-

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tots and slaves, they were flogged every day, with a whip made of the hide of a rhinoceros, a terrible thing, which cut into the flesh at every blow. Our lives became quite a burden to us; we were employed all day on the farm one way or another, and every day he was more brutal towards us. At last we agreed that we would stand it no longer, and one evening, Hastings told him so. This put him into a great rage, and he called two of the slaves, and ordered them to tie him to the waggon wheel, swearing that he would cut every bit of skin off his body, and he went into his house to get his whip. The slaves had hold of Hastings, and were tying him up, for they dared not disobey their master, when he said to us, 'If I am flogged this way, it will be all over with us. Now's your time; run back behind the house, and when he comes out with the whip, do you go in and seize the muskets, which are always ready loaded. Hold him at bay till I get clear, and then we will get away somehow or another. You must do it, for I am sure he will flog me till I am dead, and he will shoot you, as runaway prisoners, as he did his two Hottentots the other day.' As Romer and I thought this very probable, we did as Hastings told us; and when the Dutchman

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had gone towards him where he was tied up, about fifty yards from the house, we went in. The farmer's wife was in bed, having just given birth to another child, and the children we cared not for. We seized two muskets and a large knife, and came out just as the Dutchman had struck the first blow with the rhinoceros whip, which was so severe that it took away poor Hastings' breath. We went up; he turned round and saw us: we levelled our muskets at him, and he stopped. 'Another blow, and we'll shoot you,' cried Romer. 'Yes,' cried I; 'we are only boys, but you've Englishmen to deal with.' When we came up, Romer kept his piece levelled at the Dutchman, while I passed him, and with the knife cut the thongs which bound Hastings. The Dutchman turned pale and did not speak, he was so frightened, and the slaves ran away. As soon as Hastings was free, he seized a large wooden mallet, used for driving in stakes, and struck the Dutchman down to the earth, crying out, 'That, for flogging an Englishman, you rascal.' While the man lay senseless or dead—I didn't know which at the time—we tied him to the waggon wheels, and returning to the house, seized some ammunition and other articles which might be useful. We

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then went to the stables, and took the three best horses which the Dutchman had, put some corn in a sack for each of them, took some cord for halters, mounted, and rode away as fast as we could. As we knew that we should be pursued, we first galloped away as if we were going eastward, to the Cape; and then, as soon as we were on ground which would not show the tracks of our horses' hoofs, we turned round to the northward, in the direction of the Bushman country. It was dark soon after we had altered our course; but we travelled all night, and although we heard the roaring of the lions at a distance, we met with no accident. At daylight we rested our horses, and gave them some corn, and then sat down to eat some of the provisions we had brought with us."

"How long were you with the farmer at Graef Reynets?"

"Nearly eight months, sir; and during that time we could not only speak Dutch, but we could make ourselves understood by the Hottentots and other natives; besides which, we had a good knowledge of the country, and knew what to do when we travelled. While we were eating, we held a consultation how we should proceed. We were aware

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that the Dutchmen would shoot us if they came up with us, and that they would come out in strong force against us; and we were afraid that we had killed the man, and if so, they would hang us as soon as we got to the Cape; so we were at a great loss to know how to act. At last we decided that we would cross the country of the Bushmen, and get to the sea-side, to the northward of the Cape. Having done talking, we took the saddles off our horses, and tethered them where there was good grass; for you see, sir, if we had not made them fast, they would have galloped back to the farm. We determined that it would be better to travel at night, as there would be less fear of the wild beasts, or of being seen; so we went fast asleep for many hours. Towards the evening, we found water for the horses, and then we fed them again, and proceeded on our journey. I won't tell what passed every day for a fortnight, by which time we had pretty well killed our horses, and we were compelled to stop among a tribe of Gorraguas, I think they called them, a very mild, inoffensive people, who supplied us with milk, and treated us very kindly. We had some adventures, nevertheless. One day, as we were passing by a tuft of small trees, a rhinoceros

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charged upon my horse, which very narrowly escaped by wheeling short round and getting behind him; the beast then made off without meddling with us any more. Every day we used to shoot some animal or other for provision: sometimes it was a gnu, a very curious creature, something between an antelope and a bull; at other times it was one of the antelope kind—there were plenty of them.

"Well, we staid for three weeks with these people, and gave our horses time to refresh themselves; and then we set off again, keeping more towards the coast as we went southward, for the Gorraguas told us that there was a fierce native tribe, called Kaffers, to the northward, who would certainly kill us if we went there. The fact is, we did not know what to do. We had left the Cape without any exact idea where we should go to, like foolish boys as we were, and we became more entangled with difficulties every day. At last we decided that it would be better to find our way back to the Cape, and deliver ourselves up as prisoners, for we were tired out with fatigue and constant danger. All that we were afraid of was, that we had killed the Dutch farmer at Graef Reynets, who had treated us so brutally; but

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Hastings said he did not care; that was his business, and he would take his chance: so when we bade adieu to the Gorraguas, who were quite satisfied with our presenting them with all the buttons we could spare, we turned our horses' heads to the south-east, so to make the sea and go to the southward at the same time.

"I have now to mention a most melancholy event which occured. Two days after we had recommenced our travels, in passing through some high grass, we stumbled on a lion, which was

ROMER KILLED BY A LION.

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devouring a gnu. Romer, who happened to be some ten yards foremost of the three, was so alarmed that he fired at the animal, which we had agreed never to do, as it was folly to enrage so powerful a beast, when our party was so small. The lion was slightly wounded; he gave a roar that might have been heard for a mile, sprang upon Romer, and with one blow of his paw knocked him off the saddle into the bushes. Our horses, which were frightened, wheeled round and fled, for the animal was evidently about to attack us. As it was, he did make one bound in our direction; we could not pull up until we had gone half a mile; and when we did, we saw the lion had torn down the horse which Romer had ridden, and was dragging away the carcass to the right at a sort of canter, without any apparent effort on his part. We waited till he was well off, and then rode back to the spot where Romer had fallen; we soon found him, but he was quite dead; the blow with the lion's paw had fractured his skull.

"We had no means of burying him, poor fellow! so we covered him up with bushes, and left him. We were both very melancholy; indeed, as I rode on, I cried for nearly an hour; and

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Hastings never spoke a word until it was time for us to rest the horses. I ought to have said that the Gorraguas told us not to travel by night, but by day; and we had done so in consequence of their advice. I believe it was very good advice, notwithstanding this unfortunate accident, for we found that when we had travelled all night, the lions had more than once followed us the whole time; and indeed I have often thought since that we were altogether indebted to His mercy who ordereth all things, both in heaven and earth, that we escaped so well as we did. Three days after poor Romer's death we first saw the wide ocean again; and it appeared to us as if we had fallen in with an old friend. We kept near the coast, but we soon found out that we could not obtain the supply of game, or fuel for our fires at night, so well as we could in the interior, and we agreed to get away from the coast again. We had a dreary plain to pass over, and we were quite faint for want of food—for we had been without any for nearly two days—when we came upon an ostrich. Hastings put his horse to his speed, but it was of no use—the ostrich ran much faster than the horse could. I remained behind, and, to my great joy, discovered

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his nest with thirteen large eggs in it. Hastings soon came back, with his horse panting and out of wind. We sat down, lighted a fire, and roasted two of the eggs: we made a good dinner of them, and having put four more on our saddle bows, we continued our journey. For three weeks more we had nothing but difficulty and suffering. One forenoon at last, we saw the Table Mountain, and were as glad to see it as if we had seen the white cliffs of Old England. We pushed on our horses, with the hopes of being once more comfortably in prison before night; when, as we neared the bay, we observed that English colours were flying on board of the vessels in the road. This surprised us very much; but soon after that we met an English soldier, who told us that the Cape had been taken by our forces more than six months ago. This was a joyful surprise, as you may suppose. We rode into the town, and reported ourselves to the main-guard; the governor sent for us, heard our story, and sent us to the admiral, who took us on board of his own ship. Now, Master William, as this is a good place to leave off at, and you must be rather tired, I think we had better all go to bed."

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WILLIAM CONVALESCENT.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning, as there was no particular work on hand, Ready and Mr. Seagrave took the lines to add to the stock of the fishpond. As the weather was fine and cool, William accompanied them, that he might have the benefit of the fresh air. As they passed the garden, they observed that the seeds sown had already sprung up an inch or two above the ground, and that,

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apparently, none of them had missed. While Ready and Mr. Seagrave were fishing, and William sitting near them, William said to his father—

"Many of the islands near us are inhabited; are they not, papa?"

"Yes, but not those very near us, I believe. At all events, I never heard any voyagers mention having seen inhabitants on the isles near which we suppose the one we are on to be."

"What sort of people are the islanders in these seas?"

"They are various. The New Zealanders are the most advanced in civilization, but still they are said to be cannibals. The natives of Van Diemen's Land and Australia are some portions of them of a very degraded class—indeed, little better than the beasts of the field: I believe them to be the lowest in the scale of all the human race."

"I beg your pardon," said Ready, "but I have seen them; and I think I can mention a people, not very numerous indeed, who are still more like the beasts of the field. I saw them once; and, at first, thought they were animals, and not human beings."

"Indeed, Ready; where may that be?"

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"In the Great Andaman Isles, at the mouth of the Bay of Bengal.

"I once anchored in distress in Port Cornwallis — a splendid harbour, which would hold the whole English navy—and the morning after we anchored, we saw some black things going upon all-fours under the trees that came down to the water's edge. We got the telescope—for we were a mile or more off the shore—and we perceived then that they were men and women, for they stood upright."

"Did you ever come into contact with them?"

"No, sir, I did not; but I met at Calcutta, a soldier who had: for at one time the East-India Company intended making a settlement on the island, and sent some troops there. He said that they had caught two of them; that they were not more than four feet high, excessively stupid and shy; they had no clothes on of any description; they had no houses or huts to live in, and all that they did was to pile up some bushes to keep the wind off."

"Had they any arms?"

"Yes, sir, they had bows and arrows; but so miserably made, and so small, that they could not kill anything but very small birds. The

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natives let fly several arrows at the soldiers when they met, and the soldiers picked them out of their coats, for they had not penetrated any further."

"Well, I do believe, by your description, that the Andaman Isles natives are even lower in the scale than the New Hollanders. What did they do with the two whom they captured?"

"Let them go again, sir; for they would not speak or eat, and they would have died had they been kept."

"Where did the people come from who inhabited these islands, papa?"

"That is difficult to say, William; but it is supposed that they have become inhabited in much the same way as this, our island, has been—that is, by people in canoes or boats driven out to sea, and saving their lives by effecting a landing, as we have done."

"Yes, sir," replied Ready; "I believe that's the truth; I heard say that the Andaman Isles were supposed to have been first inhabited by a slaver full of negroes, who were wrecked on the coast in a typhoon."

"What is a typhoon, Ready?"

"It is much the same as a hurricane, Master

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William; it comes on in India at the change of the monsoons."

"But what are monsoons, Ready?"

"Winds that blow regular from one quarter so many months during the year, and then change round and blow from another just as long."

"And what are the trade winds, which I heard poor Captain Osborne talking about after we left Madeira?"

"The trade winds blow on the equator, and several degrees north and south of it, from the east to the west, following the course of the sun."

"Is it the sun which produces these winds?"

"Yes; the extreme heat of the sun between the tropics rarifies the air as the earth turns round, and the trade winds are produced by the rushing in of the less heated air. You know that if there is a large fire in a room, there is a continual draft of cold air rushing into the room towards it; in the same way the heat of the sun produces the trade winds."

"Yes, Master William; and the trade winds produce what they call the Gulf stream," observed Ready.

"How is that? I have heard it spoken of, papa."

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"The winds, constantly following the sun across the Atlantic Ocean, and blowing from east to west, have great effect upon the sea, which is forced up into the Gulf of Mexico (where it is stopped by the shores of America), so that it is many feet higher in the Gulf than in the eastern part of the Atlantic. This accumulation of water must of course find a vent somewhere, and it does in what is called the Gulf stream, by which the waters are poured out, running very strong to the northward, along the shores of America, and then westward, passing not far from Newfoundland, until its strength is spent somewhere to the northward of the Azores, or Western Isles, which you remember seeing on the chart when we were making our passage out."

"The Gulf stream, Master William," said Ready, "is always several degrees warmer than the sea in general, which is, they say, owing to its waters remaining in the Gulf of Mexico so long, where the heat of the sun is so great; and we always know when we are in the stream, by the sea-weed which it brings away with it, and which is seen floating on the surface."

"What do you mean by the land and sea breezes

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in the West Indies, and other hot climates, papa?"

"It is the wind first blowing off from the shore, and then blowing from the sea towards the shore, during certain hours of the day, which it does regularly every twenty-four hours. This is also the effect of the heat of the sun. The sea breeze commences in the morning, and in the afternoon it dies away, when the land breeze commences, which lasts till midnight.

"You observe, William," continued Mr. Seagrave, "that all these effects in tropical countries are produced by natural causes; but they are, nevertheless, proofs of the goodness of that Almighty hand, who has so fashioned the world, that from natural causes, easy to be explained, effects are produced which are beneficial to mankind. For instance, who could inhabit the islands in the West Indies, if the land and sea breezes did not regularly blow, so as to cool the heated surface of the earth? In the same way, if the trade winds did not continually blow, and if calms and light airs prevailed in the seas which are under the burning sun of the equator, the heat would be such as to render the voyage insupportable."

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"That it would, sir," replied Ready; "there are latitudes close to the trade winds, where the wind is not certain, where ships have been becalmed for weeks; the crews have exhausted the water on board, and they have suffered dreadfully. We call them the Horse latitudes—why, I do not know; but I believe it is that the horses which they used to send out, are, of course, the first sacrificed when the water runs short. But it is time for us to leave off, and for Master William to go into the house."

They returned home, and after supper Ready went on with his narrative.

"I left off at the time that I was sent on board of the man-of-war, and I was put down on the books as a supernumerary boy. I was on board of her for nearly four years, and we were sent about from port to port, and from clime to clime, until I grew a strong, tall lad, and was put into the mizen-top. I found it very comfortable. I did my duty, and the consequence was, I never was punished; for a man may serve on board of a man-of-war without fear of being punished, if he only does his duty, and the duty is not very hard either; not like on board of the merchant vessels, where there are so few hands—there it is hard work. Of

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course, there are some captains who command men-of-war who are harsh and severe—what they call martinets in the service; but it was my good fortune to be with a very mild and steady captain, who was very sorry when he was obliged to punish the men, although he would not overlook any improper conduct. The only thing which was a source of constant unhappiness to me was that I could not get to England again, and see my mother. I had written two or three letters, but never had an answer; and at last I became so impatient, that I determined to run away the very first opportunity which might offer. We were then stationed in the West Indies, and I had very often consultations with Hastings on the subject, for he was quite as anxious to get away as I was; and we had agreed that we would start off together the very first opportunity. At last we anchored in Port Royal, Jamaica, and there was a large convoy of West India ships, laden with sugar, about to sail immediately. We knew that if we could get on board of one, they would secrete us until the time of sailing, for they were short handed enough, the men-of-war having pressed every man they could lay their hands upon. There was but one chance, and

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that was by swimming on board of one of the vessels during the night-time, and that was easy enough, as they were anchored not a hundred yards from our own ship. What we were afraid of were the sharks, which were so plentiful in the harbour. However, the night before the convoy was to sail we made up our minds that we would run the risk, for we were so impatient to escape that we did not care for anything. It was in the middle watch—I recollect it, and shall recollect it all my life, as if it were last night—that we lowered ourselves down very softly from the bows of the ship, and as soon as we were in the water we struck out for one of the West-Indiamen close to us. The sentry at the gangway saw the light in the water made by our swimming through it, and he hailed, of course: we gave no answer, but swam as fast as we could; for, after he had hailed we heard a bustle, and we knew that the officer of the watch was manning a boat to send after us. I had just caught hold of the cable of the West-Indiaman, and was about to climb up by it, for I was a few yards before Hastings, when I heard a loud shriek, and, turning round, perceived a shark plunging down with Hastings in his jaws. I was so frightened, that for

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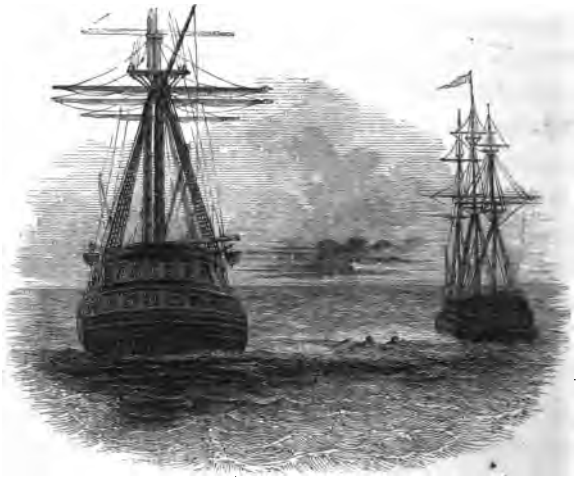

SWIMMING AT NIGHT.

a short time I could not move: at last I recovered myself, and began to climb up by the cable as fast as I could. I was just in time, for another shark made a rush at me; and although I was clear out of the water more than two feet, he sprung up and just caught my shoe by the heel, which he took down with him. Fear gave me strength, and in a second or two afterwards I was up at the hawseholes, and the men on board, who had

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been looking over the bows, and had witnessed poor Hastings' death, helped me on board, and hurried me down below, for the boat from our ship was now nearly alongside. When the officer of the boat came on board, they told him they had perceived us both in the water, close to their vessel, and that the sharks had taken us down. As the shriek of Hastings was heard by the people in the boat, the officer believed that it was the case, and returned to the ship. I heard the drum beat to quarters on board of the man-of-war, that they might ascertain who were the two men who had attempted to swim away, and a few minutes afterwards they beat the retreat, having put down D. D. against my name on the books, as well as against that of poor Hastings."

"What does D. D. mean?"

"D. stands for discharged from the service; D. D. stands for dead," replied Ready; "and it was only through the mercy of Providence that I was not so."

"It was a miraculous escape, indeed," observed Mr. Seagrave.

"Yes, indeed, sir; I can hardly describe my sensations for some hours afterwards. I tried to sleep, but could not—I was in agony. The moment

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I slumbered, I thought the shark had hold of me, and I would start up and shriek; and then I said my prayers and tried to go to sleep again, but it was of no use. The captain of the West-Indiaman was afraid that my shrieks would be heard, and he sent me down a tumbler of rum to drink off; this composed me, and at last I fell into a sound sleep. When I awoke, I found that the ship was underweigh and with all canvas set, surrounded by more than a hundred other vessels; the men-of-war who took charge of the convoy firing guns and making signals incessantly. It was a glorious sight, and we were bound for Old England. I felt so happy, that I thought I would risk the jaws of another shark to have regained my liberty, and the chance of being once more on shore in my own country, and able to go to Newcastle and see my poor mother."

"I am afraid that your miraculous escape did you very little good, Ready," observed Mrs. Seagrave, "if you got over it so soon."

"Indeed, madam, it was not so; that was only the feeling which the first sight of the vessels underweigh for England produced upon me. I can honestly say, that I was a better and more serious person; not but what I am bad enough and

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a sinful creature now, but I was from that day better than I was before. The very next night, when I was in my hammock, I prayed very fervently; and there happened to be a very good old Scotchman on board, the second mate, who talked very seriously to me, and pointed out how wonderful had been my preservation, and I felt it. It was he who first read the Bible with me, and made me understand it, and, I may say, become fond of it. I did my duty on our passage home as a seaman before the mast, and the captain was pleased with me. I had told the history of my life to the second mate, and he pointed out to me how foolish and wrong I had been to leave my mother, and refuse the assistance of Mr. Masterman. I felt that he was right, and I felt more impatient than ever to throw myself into my mother's arms and ask her forgiveness. The ship I was in was bound to Glasgow, and we parted company with the convoy at North Foreland, and arrived safe in port. The captain took me to the owners, who paid me fifteen guineas for my services during the voyage home; and as soon as I received the money, I set off for Newcastle as fast as I could. I had taken a place on the outside of the coach, and I entered into conversation

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with a gentleman who sat next to me. I soon found out that he belonged to Newcastle, and I first inquired if Mr. Masterman, the ship-builder, was still alive. He told me that he had been dead about three months. 'And to whom did he leave his money?' I asked, 'for he was very rich, and had no kin.' 'He had no relations,' replied the gentleman, 'and he left all his money to build an hospital and almshouses. He had a partner in his business latterly, and he left the yard and all the stores to him, I believe, because he did not know whom to leave it to. There was a lad whom I knew for certain he intended to have adopted and to have made his heir—a lad of the name of Ready; but he ran away to sea, and has never been heard of since. It is supposed that he was lost in a prize, for he was traced so far. Foolish boy that he was, he might now have been a man of fortune."

"'Very foolish, indeed,' replied I.

"'Yes; but he has harmed more than himself. His poor mother, who doted upon him, as soon as she heard that he was lost, pined away by degrees, and'—

"'You don't mean to say that she is dead?' interrupted I, seizing the gentleman by the arm.

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"'Yes,' replied he, looking at me with surprise; 'she died last year of a broken heart.'

"I fell back on the luggage behind me, and should have fallen off the coach if the gentleman had not held me. He called to the coachman to pull up the horses, and they took me down, and put me inside; fortunately there was no one there; and as the coach rolled on, I cried as if my heart would break."

Ready appeared so very much affected, that Mr. Seagrave proposed that he should leave off his history for the present, and that they should retire to rest.

"Thank you, sir, it will be better; for I feel my old eyes dim with tears, even now. It's a dreadful thing in after-life to reflect upon, that your foolish conduct has hastened the death of a most kind mother; but so it was, Master William, and I give you the truth for your advantage. I told you that portions of my life would serve as a warning; let them not be thrown away upon you. God bless you, sir! God bless you, madam! Good night."

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TOMMY STEALING EGGS.

CHAPTER V.

A FEW mornings afterwards, Juno came in before breakfast with six eggs in her apron, which she had found in the hen-house.

"Look, Missy Seagrave—fowls lay eggs—soon have plenty—plenty for Master William—make him well again—and plenty for chickens by-and-by."

"You haven't taken them all out of the nests, Juno; have you?"

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"No, Missy;—leave one in each nest for hen to see."

"Well, then, we will keep them for William, and I hope, as you say, it will make him strong again."

"I am getting quite strong now, mother," replied William; "I think it would be better to leave the eggs for the hens to sit upon."

"No, no, William; your health is of more consequence than having early chickens."

"Tommy likes eggs very much," said Tommy.

"Yes; but Tommy cannot have any at present: Tommy is not ill."

"Tommy have a stomach-ache," replied Tommy.

"I'm afraid that you are a little story-teller, Tommy; and if you have a stomach-ache, eggs would be bad for you."

"Tommy got a head-ache," replied the boy.

"Eggs are not good for head-aches, Tommy," replied his father.

"Tommy ill all over," replied Tommy again.

"Then Tommy must be put to bed, and have a dose of caster-oil."

"Tommy don't want caster-oil; Tommy wants eggs,"

"Yes, but Tommy won't get eggs," replied his

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father, "so he may as well leave off telling fibs; when there are plenty of eggs, Tommy will have one, if he is a good boy, and not otherwise."

"I have promised Caroline that she is to take care of the chickens," said Mrs. Seagrave, "and I think she must have the egg department also; she promises to be a very useful little girl."

For a few days Mr. Seagrave and Ready were employed at the garden clearing away the weeds, which had begun to sprout up along with the seeds which had been sown; during which time William recovered very fast. The two first days Juno brought in three or four eggs regularly; but on the third day there were none to be found. On the fourth day the hens appeared also not to have laid, much to the surprise of Mrs. Seagrave; as when hens commence laying eggs, they usually continue. On the fifth morning, when they sat down to breakfast, Master Tommy did not make his appearance, and Mrs. Seagrave asked where he was.

"I suspect, madam," said old Ready, laughing, "that Master Tommy will not come either to his breakfast or his dinner to-day."

"What can you mean, Ready?" said Mrs. Seagrave.

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"Why, madam, I will tell you. I thought it very odd that there were no eggs, and I thought it probable that the hens might have laid astray; so I went about yesterday evening to search. I could not find any eggs, but I found the egg-shells, hid under some cocoa-nut leaves; and I argued, that if an animal, supposing there was any on the island, had taken the eggs, it would not have been so careful to hide the egg-shells. So, this morning, I fastened up the door of the hen-house, and only left open the little sliding-door, by which the fowls go in to roost; and then, after you were up, I watched behind the trees, and saw Master Tommy come out, and go to the hen-house. He tried the door, and finding it fast, he then crept into the hen-house by the little sliding door. As soon as he was in, I let down the slide, and fastened it with a nail; so there he is caught in his own trap."

"And there shall he remain all day, the little glutton!" said Mr. Seagrave, who was much amused.

"Yes, it will serve him right," replied Mrs. Seagrave; "and be a lesson to him. We will take no notice of him whatever, if he halloos and screams for an hour."

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"Oh, Massa Tommy, me very glad you cotch at last; teach you not to suck eggs," said Juno: "now you got nothing to eat; you not like that."

Mr. Seagrave, Ready, and William, as usual, went down to their work; Mrs. Seagrave and Juno, with little Caroline, were busy in-doors. Tommy remained very quiet for an hour, when he commenced roaring; but it was of no use, no one paid any attention to him. At dinner-time he began to roar again, but with as little success: it was not till the evening that the door of the hen-house was opened, and Master Tommy permitted to come out. He looked very foolish; and sat down in a corner without speaking.

"Well, Master Tommy, how many eggs did you suck to-day?" said Ready.

"Tommy won't suck eggs any more," said the urchin.

"No, you had better not," replied Mr. Seagrave, "or you will find, in the end, that you will have less to eat, instead of more, as you have this day."

"I want my dinner," said Tommy.

"You'll have no dinner this day, you may be sure," said Mrs. Seagrave; "we can't allow

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you dinner and eggs both; and if you cry, I will lock you up in the hen-house all night; you must now wait patiently till supper-time."

Tommy found that he could not help himself, so he waited very quietly and very sulkily till supper was ready, when he made up for lost time. After which Ready continued his narrative.

"I told you, Master William, that I was informed by the gentleman on the coach that my mother had died of a broken heart, in consequence of my supposed death. I was in an agony until I arrived at Newcastle, where I could ascertain all the facts connected with her decease. When the coach stopped, the gentleman, who had remained outside, came to the coach door, and said to me, 'If I mistake not, you are Masterman Ready, who ran away to sea; are you not?' 'Yes, sir,' replied I, very sorrowfully, 'I am.' 'Well my man,' said he, 'cheer up; when you went away you were young and thoughtless, and certainly had no idea that you would have distressed your mother as you did. It was not your going to sea, but the report of your death, which preyed so much upon her mind; and that was not your fault.

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You must come with me, as I have something to say to you.'

"'I will call upon you to-morrow, sir,' replied I; 'I cannot do anything until I talk to the neighbours and visit my poor mother's grave. It is very true that I did not intend to distress my mother, and that the report of my death was no fault of mine. But I cannot help feeling that, if I had not been so thoughtless, she would be still alive and happy.' Great mischief is brought about by very slight causes in this world, Master William; and if, before we did anything, we were to reflect upon what the consequences might be, we should all be much wiser and much better. The gentleman gave me his address, and I promised to call upon him the next morning. I then went to the house my mother used to live in. I knew that she was not there; yet I was disappointed and annoyed when I heard merry laughter within. I looked in, for the door was open: in the corner where my mother used to sit, there was a mangle, and two women busily at work; others were ironing at a large table; and when they cried out to me, 'What do you want?' and laughed at me, I turned away in disgust, and went to a neigh-

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bouring cottage, the inmates of which had been very intimate with my mother. I found the wife at home, but she did not know me; and I told her who I was. She had attended my mother during her illness, till the day of her death; and she told me all I wished to know. It was some little relief to my mind to hear that my poor mother could not have lived, as she had an incurable cancer; but at the same time the woman told me that I was ever in her thoughts, and that my name was the last word on her lips. She also said that Mr. Masterman had been very kind to my mother, and that she had wanted nothing. I then asked her to show me where my mother had been buried. She put on her bonnet and led me to the grave, and then, at my request, she left me. I seated myself down by the mound of turf which covered her, and long and bitterly did I weep her loss and pray for forgiveness.

"It was quite dark when I left the spot and went back to the cottage of the kind woman who had attended my mother. I conversed with her and her husband till late, and then, as they offered me a bed, I remained with them that night. Next morning I went to keep my appoint-

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READY AT HIS MOTHER'S GRAVE.

ment with the gentleman whom I had met in the coach: I found by the brass plate on the door that he was a lawyer. He desired me to sit down, and then he closed the door carefully, and having asked me many questions to ascertain if I was really Masterman Ready, he said he was the person employed at Mr. Masterman's death, and that he had found a paper which was of great consequence, as it proved that the insurance of

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the vessel, which had belonged to my father and Mr. Masterman, and which had been lost, had not been made on Mr. Masterman's share only, but upon my father's as well, and that Mr. Masterman had defrauded my mother. He said he had found the paper in a secret drawer some time after Mr. Masterman's death, and that my mother being dead, and I being supposed to be dead, he did not see any use in making known so disagreeable a circumstance; but that, now I had reappeared, it was his duty so to do, and that he would arrange the matter for me, if I pleased, with the corporation of the town, to whom all Mr. Masterman's property had been left in trust to build an hospital and almshouses. He said that the insurance on the vessel was three thousand pounds, and that one-third of the vessel belonged to my father, so that a thousand pounds were due to him, which the interest for so many years would increase to above two thousand pounds. This was good news for me, and you may suppose I readily agreed to all he proposed. He set to work at once, and having called together the mayor and corporation of the town, and proved the document, they immediately agreed that I was entitled to the money, and that it should be paid

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to me without any contest. Thus you see, Master William, was a new temptation thrown in my way."

"How do you mean a temptation? It surely was very fortunate, Ready," said William.

"Yes, Master William, it was, as people say, fortunate, according to the ideas of the world; every one congratulated me, and I was myself so inflated with my good fortune, that I forgot all the promises of amendment, all the vows of leading a good life, which I made over my poor mother's grave. Now do you perceive why I called it a temptation, Master William?"

"My dear child," said Mr. Seagrave, "riches and prosperity in this world prove often the greatest of temptations; it is adversity that chastens and amends us, and which draws us to our God. Hath not our Saviour declared, 'That it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven?' This is intended to be understood as a metaphor, not as a positive assertion; and is explained by our Lord himself in a similar passage, where he says, 'How hard is it for them that *trust* in riches to enter into the kingdom of God!' This expression of our Saviour is followed up in the Litany of our church service, in which we

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make this solemn appeal: 'In all time of our tribulation, in all time of our *wealth*, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, good Lord deliver us.' Great indeed must be the peril of wealth, when it is thus coupled with such awful positions as 'the hour of death and the day of judgment.' Ready, therefore, was correct in asserting that the sudden accession to so large a sum of money was a temptation; and you perceive by his own acknowledgment, that he could not resist it, but forgot all his good resolutions."

"Yes, sir; you have well explained it; and such was the fact. As soon as the money was in my own hands, I began to squander it away in all manner of folly. Fortunately, I had not received it more than ten days when the Scotch second mate came like a guardian angel to save me. As soon as I had made known to him what had taken place, he reasoned with me, pointed out to me that I had an opportunity of establishing myself for life, and proposed that I should purchase a part of a vessel, on condition that I was captain of her. I liked this idea very much, and being convinced that I had been making a fool of myself, I resolved to take his advice; but one thing only restrained me: I was still very young, not more than

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twenty years old; and although I could navigate at one time, I had latterly paid no attention. I told Sanders this, and he replied, that if I would take him as my first mate, that difficulty would be got over, as he could navigate well, and that I could learn to do so in the first voyage; so all was arranged.

"Fortunately, I had not spent above one hundred pounds of the money—quite enough too in so short a time. I set off for Glasgow, in company with Sanders, and he busied himself very hard in looking about for a vessel that would suit. At last, he found that there was one ready for launching, which, in consequence of the failure of the house for which it was built, was to be sold. He made inquiries, and having found who was likely to purchase her—that it was a very safe and respectable firm—he made a proposal for me, that I should take one fourth-share of her, and command her. As Sanders was very respectable, and well known to be a steady man, his recommendation was attended to so far, that the parties wished to see and speak to me. They were satisfied with me, young as I was, and the bargain was made. I paid down my two thousand pounds for my share, and as soon as the vessel was launched, was very busy with Sanders, whom I

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had chosen as first mate, in fitting her out. The house which had purchased her with me was a West-India firm, and the ship was of course intended for the West-India trade. I had two or three hundred pounds left, after I had paid my share of the vessel, and this I employed in purchasing a venture on my own account, and providing nautical instruments, &c. I also fitted myself out; for you see, Master William, although Sanders had persuaded me to be rational, I was still puffed up with pride at the idea of being captain of my own ship: it was too great a rise for one who had just before been a lad in the mizen-top of a man-of-war. I dressed myself very smart—wore white shirts, and rings on my fingers; I even put on gloves, and tried to make my hands white. Indeed, as captain and part owner of a fine vessel, I was considered as somebody, and was often invited to the table of the other owners of the vessel. I was well off, for my pay was ten pounds a month, independent of what my own venture might produce, and my quarter-share of the profits of the vessel. This may be considered as the most prosperous portion of my life; and so, if you please, we will leave off here for to-night, for I may as well tell you at once that it did not last very long."

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LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR.

CHAPTER VI.

For several days after, they were employed in clearing away the stumps of the cocoa-nut trees in the winding path to the storehouse; and as soon as that work was finished, Ready put up a lightning conductor at the side of the storehouse, like the one which he had put up near to the cottage. They had now got through all the work that they had arranged to do during the rainy season. The

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ewes had dropped their lambs; but both the sheep and the goats began to suffer for want of pasture. For a week they had no rain, and the sun burst out very powerfully; and Ready stated, that it was his opinion that the rainy season was now over. William had become quite strong again, and he was very impatient that they should commence the survey of the island, and very anxious to be of the party. After a great deal of consultation, it was at last settled, that Ready and William should make the first survey to the southward, and then return and report what they had discovered. This was decided upon on the Saturday evening, and on the Monday morning they were to start. The knapsacks were got ready, and well filled with boiled salt pork, and flat cakes of bread made by Juno. They were each to have a musket and ammunition, and a blanket was folded up to carry on the shoulders, that they might sleep on it at night. Ready did not forget his compass, or the small axes, for them to blaze the trees as they went through the wood. The whole of Saturday was occupied in making their preparations. After supper, Ready said, "Now, Master William, before we start on our travels, I think I may as well wind up my history.

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I haven't a great deal more to tell, as my good fortune did not last long; and after my remaining so long in a French prison, my life was one continued chapter of from bad to worse. I left off where I had purchased a share of a merchant vessel, and was, in my opinion, on the full trip to fortune: so now to proceed. Our ship was soon ready, and we sailed with convoy for Barbadoes. Sanders proved a good navigator, and from him, before we arrived at Barbadoes, I gained all the knowledge which I required to enable me to command and navigate my vessel. Sanders attempted to renew our serious conversation, but my property had made me vain; and now that I felt I could do without his assistance, I not only kept him at a distance, but assumed the superior. This was a very ungrateful return for his kindness to me, Master William; but it is too often the case in this world. Sanders was very much annoyed, and on our arrival at Barbadoes, he told me that it was his intention to quit the vessel. I replied very haughtily, that he might do as he pleased; the fact is, I was anxious to get rid of him, merely because I was under obligations to him: I tell this to my shame, Master William. Well, sir, Sanders left me, and I felt quite happy at his

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departure. My ship was soon with a full cargo of sugar on board of her, and we waited for convoy to England. When at Barbadoes, I had an opportunity to buy four brass guns, which I mounted on deck, and had a good supply of ammunition on board. I was very proud of my vessel, as she had proved in the voyage out to be a very fast sailer: indeed, she sailed better than some of the men-of-war which convoyed us; and now that I had guns on board, I considered myself quite safe from any of the enemies' privateers. While we were waiting for convoy, which was not expected for a fortnight, it blew a very heavy gale, and my ship, as well as others, dragged their anchors, and were driven out of Carlisle Bay. We were obliged to make sail to beat into the bay again, it still blowing very fresh. What with being tired waiting so long for convoy, and the knowledge that arriving before the other West Indiamen would be very advantageous, I made up my mind, that, instead of beating up into the bay again, I would run for England without protection, trusting to the fast sailing of my vessel and the guns which I had on board. I forgot at the time that the insurance on the vessel was made in England as 'sailing with convoy,' and that my sailing without would render

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the insurance void, if any misfortune occurred. Well, sir, I made sail for England, and for three weeks everything went on well. We saw very few vessels, and those which did chase us could not come up with us; but as we were running with a fair wind up channel, and I had made sure of being in port before night, a French privateer hove in sight and gave chase. We were obliged to haul our wind, and it blowing very fast, we carried away our maintop-mast. This accident was fatal; the privateer came alongside of us and laid us by the board, and that night I was in a French prison, and I may say, a pauper; for the insurance of the vessel was void, from my having sailed without convoy. I felt that I had no one to thank but myself for the unfortunate position I was in; at all events, I was severely punished, for I remained a prisoner for nearly six years. I contrived to escape with three or four others; we suffered dreadfully, and at last arrived in England, in a Swedish vessel, without money, or even clothes that would keep out the weather. Of course, I had nothing to do but to look out for a berth on board of a ship, and I tried for that of second mate, but without success; I was too ragged and looked too miserable; so I

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determined, as I was starving, to go before the mast. There was a fine vessel in the port; I went on board to offer myself; the mate went down to the captain, who came on deck, and who should he be but Sanders! I hoped that he would not remember me, but he did immediately, and held out his hand. I never did feel so ashamed in my life as I did then. Sanders perceived it, and asked me down into the cabin. I then told him all that had happened, and he appeared to forget that I had behaved so ill to him; he offered me a berth on board, and money in advance to fit me out. But if *he* would not remember my conduct, I could not forget it, and I told him so, and begged his forgiveness. Well, sir, that good man, as long as he lived, was my friend. I became his second mate before he died, and we were again very intimate. My misfortunes had humbled me, and I once more read the Bible with him; and I have, I trust, done so ever since. When he died, I continued second mate for some time, and then was displaced. Since that, I have always been as a common seaman on board of different vessels; but I have been well treated and respected, and I may add, I have not been unhappy, for I felt that property would have only led me into follies, and

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have made me forget, that in this world we are to live so as to prepare ourselves for another. Now, Master William, you have the history of Masterman Ready; and I hope that there are portions of it which may prove useful to you. I am now an old man, and weaned from the things of this world; all I hope is to die in peace, and be useful until it pleases God to call me away."

"Useful you have been, indeed, lately," said Mrs. Seagrave; "and I hope you will live a long while yet, Ready, and have a happy old age."

"It will be as God pleases, madam," replied Ready; "but sailors are not long-lived. I feel as if I could pass the remainder of my days on this little island with perfect content. I know you all feel otherwise; but that is natural. I am an old man already, and have nothing to look forward to; I have no relations, no children; and all I require is employment to amuse me, and my Bible to teach me how to die. You are all young compared to me, and naturally look forward. For your sakes, and not for my own, I sincerely hope we shall be searched for, and found, and that you may return to the busy world. As for myself, I would willingly remain upon the island for the remainder of my days, and have the boughs

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of the cocoa-nut trees waving over my grave. I don't know, but I really have a kind of feeling that such will be the case, and I dwell upon the idea with pleasure."

"No, no, Ready, you must not think of that; you must go back with us one of these days," replied Mr. Seagrave, "and live with us altogether. We never part again. You must give up your seafaring life, and sit in the chimney corner, or bask in the sun out of doors, just as you please. You require repose, and I trust your old age will be cheerful. At all events, it shall not be my fault if it is not."

"Nor mine, Ready, I assure you," added Mrs. Seagrave; "I should feel uncomfortable if I were ever to be parted from you again."

"Thank you, madam, and thank you, sir, both of you; I thank you kindly for your good intentions towards me; but there is One above who will decide for us, and whatever He decrees is right.

"Master William, we must be off betimes to-morrow, and as we are all to breakfast early together, why I think the sooner we go to bed the better."

"Very true," replied Mr. Seagrave. "William, dear, bring me the Bible."

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DEPARTURE ON A SURVEY.

CHAPTER VII.

THEY were all up early the next morning, and breakfasted at an early hour. The fried fish was excellent, and Master Tommy was nearly choked by a bone, which stuck in his throat, in consequence of his being so greedy, and eating so fast. However, after a good deal of thumping, and some alarm on the part of Mrs. Seagrave, Juno forced her fore-finger down his throat, and the

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bone disappeared. The knapsacks and guns, and the other requisites for the journey, were all prepared; William and Ready rose from the table, and taking an affectionate leave of Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave, they started on their journey. The sun was shining brilliantly, and the weather had become warm; the ocean in the distance gleamed brightly, as its waters danced, and the cocoa-nut trees moved their branches gracefully to the breeze. They set off in high spirits, and having called the two shepherd-dogs, and driven back Vixen, who would have joined the party, they passed the storehouse, and ascending the hill on the other side, they got their hatchets ready to blaze the trees; and Ready having set his course by his pocket compass, they were fairly on their way. For some time they continued to cut the bark of the trees with their hatchets without speaking, and then Ready stopped again to look at his compass.

"I think the wood is thicker here than ever, Ready," observed William.

"Yes, sir, it is; but I suspect we are now in the thickest part of it, right in the middle of the island; however, we shall soon see. We must keep a little more away to the southward.

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We had better get on as fast as we can. We shall have less work by-and-by, and then we can talk better."

For half an hour they continued their way through the wood, and, as Ready had observed, the trees became more distant from each other; still, however, they could not see anything before them but the stems of the cocoa-nuts. It was hard work, chopping the trees every second, and their foreheads were moist with the exertion.

"I think we had better pull up for a few minutes, Master William; you will be tired: you are not so strong as you were before your fever."

"I have not been so used to exercise, Ready, and therefore I feel it more," replied William, wiping his face with his handkerchief, as he laid his gun against the trunk of a tree. "I should like to stop a few minutes. How long do you think it will be before we are out of the wood?"

"Not half an hour more, sir, I should think; even before that, perhaps. I do not know how far the wood may extend this way."

"What do you expect to find, Ready?"

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"That's a difficult question to answer. I can tell you what I *hope* to find, which is, a good space of clear ground between the beach and the wood, where we may pasture our sheep and goats; and perhaps we may find some other trees besides cocoa-nuts: at present, you know we have seen only them and the castor-oil beans that Master Tommy took such a dose of. You see, Master William, there is no saying what new seeds may have been brought here by birds, or by the winds and waves."

"But will those seeds grow?"

"Yes, Master William; I have been told that seeds may remain hundreds of years under ground, and come up afterwards, when exposed to the heat."

"Now I recollect," replied William; "my father told me that the wheat which had been buried in an Egyptian mummy three or four thousand years back, had been known to grow, when planted."

"What's a mummy, Master William? I have heard of Egypt: it was the country where the Jews were in bondage, and from which they were delivered. We read all that in the Bible; and how Pharaoh was plagued until he permitted them to depart."

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"Yes, he was drowned, with all his host, because he followed them to bring them back again. A mummy, Ready, is a human body, embalmed with spices after it is dead, so as to preserve it. I never saw one; but I know, from what I have read, that the Egyptians used to embalm the bodies of the dead. I am quite ready to go on now."

"Well, then, the sooner we get through the wood the better, Master William; so let us put our best foot foremost, as the saying is."

They continued their way, and had not walked for more than a quarter of an hour, when William cried out, "I see the blue sky, Ready; we shall soon be out, and glad shall I be, for my arm aches with chopping."

"I dare say it does, sir. I am just as glad as you are, for I'm tired of marking the trees; however, we must continue to mark, or we shall not find our way back when we want it."

In ten minutes more they were clear of the cocoa-nut grove, and found themselves among brushwood higher than their heads; so that they could not see how far they were from the shore.

"Well," said William, throwing down his

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hatchet, "I'm glad that's over; now let us sit down a little before we go any further."

"I'm of your opinion, sir," replied Ready, sitting down by the side of William; "I feel more tired to-day than I did when we first went through the wood, after we set off from the cove. I suppose it's the weather. Come back, dogs; lie down."

"The weather is very fine, Ready."

"Yes, now, sir; but I meant to have said that the rainy season is very trying to the health, and I suppose I have not recovered from it yet. You have had a regular fever, and, of course, do not feel strong; but a man may have no fever, and yet his health suffer a great deal from it. I am an old man, Master William, and feel these things now."

"I think that before we go on, Ready, we had better have our dinner; that will do us good."

"Well, Master William, we will take an early dinner, and we shall get rid of one bottle of water, at all events; indeed, I think that, as we must go back by the same way we came, we may as well leave our knapsacks and everything but our guns under these trees; I dare say we shall sleep here too, for I told Mr. Seagrave positively not to expect us back to-night. I did not like to say so

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before your mother, she is so anxious about you." They opened their knapsacks, and made their meal, the two dogs coming in for their full share; after which they again started on their discoveries. For about ten minutes they continued to force their way through the thick and high bushes, till at last they broke out clear of them, and then looked around them for a short time without speaking. The sea was about half a mile distant, and the intervening land was clear, with fresh blades of

DISCOVERY.

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grass just bursting out of the earth, composing a fine piece of pasture of at least fifty acres, here and there broken with small patches of trees and brushwood; there was no sandy beach, but the rocks rose from the sea about twenty to thirty feet high, and were in one or two places covered with something which looked as white as snow.

"Well, Ready," said William, "there will be no want of pasture for our flock, even if it increases to ten times its number."

"No, sir," replied Ready, "we are very fortunate, and have great reason to be thankful; this is exactly what we required; and now let us go on a little, and examine these patches of wood, and see what they are. I see a bright green leaf out there, which, if my eyes do not fail me, I have seen many a time before." When they arrived at the clump of trees which Ready had pointed out, he said, "Yes, Master William, I was right. Look there, this is the banana; it is just bursting out now, and will soon be ten feet high, and bearing fruit which is excellent eating; besides which, the stem is capital fodder for the beasts. God is gracious."

"Here is a plant I never saw before; this little

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one," said William, pulling up a piece of it, and showing it to Ready.

"But I have, Master William. It is what they call the bird's-eye pepper; they make Cayenne pepper out of it. Look, the pods are just formed; it will be useful to us in cooking, as we have no pepper left. Juno will be quite pleased. You see, Master William, we must have some birds on the island; at least it is most probable, for all the seeds of these plants and trees must have been brought here by them. The banana and the pepper are the food of many birds. One seed has dropped and grown up, and then the seeds of the first have sowed themselves, and grown up every year, and that is the reason they are all in patches here and there. What a quantity of bananas are springing up in this spot; there will be a little forest of them in a few weeks."

"What is that rough-looking sort of shrub out there, Ready?"

"I can't see so well as you, Master William, so let us walk up to it. Oh, I know it now; it is what they call the prickly pear in the West Indies. I am very glad to have found that, for it will be very useful to us."

"Is it good eating, Ready?"

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"Not particularly; and the little spikes run into your fingers, and are very difficult to get rid of; but it is not bad by way of a change. No, sir, the use it will be to us is to hedge in our garden, and protect it from the animals; it makes a capital fence, and grows very fast, and without trouble. Why, there's half an acre of them; they are just coming into blossom. Now let us go on to that patch of trees, and see what they are."

"What is this plant, Ready?"

"I don't know, Master William; I can't say that I ever saw it before."

"Then I think I had better make a collection of all those you don't know, and take them back to my father, for he is a very good botanist, and I dare say will know them all."

"We will do so, sir; it is a very good thought of yours."

William pulled a branch of the plant off, and carried it with him. On their arrival at the next patch of trees, Ready looked at them steadfastly for some time.

"Let me see," said he; "I think I know that tree, I have often seen it in hot countries. Yes, I have it, Master William; it's the guava."

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"What! is it the fruit they make guava jelly of?" said William.

"Yes, Master William, the very same."

"How Tommy will smack his lips when he hears of it. Captain Osborne gave us guava jelly on our passage out, and Tommy was never satisfied, he always wanted more."

"Little boys of Master Tommy's age do think more of eating than anything else; that's very natural, so we must not be too hard upon Master Tommy; he'll turn out a fine fellow yet, depend upon it, Master William."

"I'm sure I hope so, Ready, and I really think that he will. Shall we go on now?"

"Yes, sir; which way would you like to go?"

"Let us walk in the direction of those five or six trees, and from there down to the rocks; I want to find out how it is that they are so white."

"Be it so, sir, if you wish," replied Ready.

"Why, Ready, what noise is that? Hark! such a chattering, it must be monkeys."

"No, sir, they are not monkeys; but I'll tell you what they are, although I cannot see them; they are parrots — I know their noise well. You see,

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Master William, it's not very likely that monkeys should get here, but birds can; and it is the birds that we have to thank for the bananas, and guavas, and other fruits we may find here."

As soon as they came under the trees, there was a great rioting and fluttering, and then flew away, screaming as loud as they could, a flock of about three hundred parrots, their beautiful green and blue feathers glistening in the beams of the sun.

"I told you so, sir; well, we'll have some capital pies out of them, Master William."

"Pies! do they make good pies, Ready?"

"Yes, excellent; and very often have I had a good dinner from one in the West Indies, and in South America. Stop, sir, let us come a little this way; I see a leaf which I should like to examine."

"The ground is very swampy just here, Ready; is it not?"

"Yes; there's plenty of water below, I don't doubt. So much the better for the animals; we must dig some pools when they come here."

"Oh! I thought I was not wrong. Look, sir! this is the best thing I have found yet—we now need not care so much about potatoes."

"Why, what are they, Ready?"

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"Yams, sir; yams, which they use instead of potatoes in the West Indies. Indeed, potatoes do not remain potatoes long, when planted in the hot climates."

"How do you mean, Ready?"

"They turn into what they call sweet potatoes, after one or two crops: yams are better things, in my opinion."

At this moment the dogs dashed among the broad yam-leaves, and commenced baying; there was a great rustling and snorting.

"What's that?" cried William, who had been stooping down to examine the yam-plant, and who was startled at the noise.

Ready laughed heartily. "It isn't the first time that they've made you jump, Master William."

"Why, it's our pigs; isn't it?" replied William.

"To be sure; they're in the yam-patch, very busy feeding on them, I'll be bound."

Ready gave a shout, and a grunting and rushing were heard among the broad leaves, and, very soon, out rushed, instead of the six, about thirty pigs, large and small; who, snorting and twisting their tails, galloped away at a great rate across

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the pasture-land, until they gained the cocoa-nut grove.

"How wild they are, Ready," said William.

"Yes, sir, and they'll be wilder every day: but we must fence these yams from them, or we shall get none ourselves."

"But they'll beat down the fence before it grows up."

"Yes, sir; but we'll pale it in with cocoa-nut palings, and plant the prickly pears outside; before the palings are rotten, the prickly pears will make a hedge which no animal can get through. Now, sir, we'll go down to the sea-side."

As they neared the rocks, which were bare for about fifty yards from the water's edge, Ready said, "I can tell you now what those white patches on the rocks are, Master William; they are the places where the sea-birds come to every year to make their nests and bring up their young. They always come to the same place every year, if they are not disturbed." They soon arrived at the spot, and found it white with the feathers of birds, mixed up with dirt.

"I see no nests, Ready, nor the remains of any."

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"No, sir, they do not make any nests, further than scratching a round hole, about half an inch deep, in the soil, and there they lay their eggs, sitting quite close to one another; they will soon be here, and begin to lay, and then we will come and take the eggs, if we want any, for they are not bad eating."

"Why, Ready, what a quantity of good things we have found out already. This has been a very fortunate expedition of ours."

"Yes, it has; and we may thank God for his goodness, who thus provides for us so plentifully in the wilderness; and recollect, that every year, if we are industrious, we shall add to our means."

"Do you know, Ready, I cannot help thinking that we ought to have built our house here."

"Not so, Master William; we have not the pure water, recollect, and we have not the advantages of the sandy beach, where we have our turtle and fishpond. No, Master William: we may feed our stock here; we may gather the fruit, taking our share of it with the poor birds; we may get our yams, and every other good provided for us; but our house and home must be where it is now."

"You are right, Ready; but it will be a long walk."

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"Not when we are accustomed to it, and have made a beaten path, Master William; besides, we may bring the boat round, perhaps. I wish to go down to the rocks to see."

They then walked along the sea-side for about a quarter of a mile, until they came to where the rocks were not so high, and there they discovered a little basin, completely formed in the rocks, with a narrow entrance.

THE BOAT-HARBOUR.

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"See, Master William, what a nice little harbour for our boat; we may here load it with yams and take it round to the bay, provided we can find an entrance through the reefs on the southern side of it, which we have not looked for yet, because we have not required it."

"Yes, Ready—it is, indeed, a nice, smooth little place for the boat; but how shall we find it out again, when we come on this side of the island in the boat?"

"Very easily, Master William, for I'll fix up a flag-staff as a mark."

"What is that thing on the bottom, there, Ready?" said William, pointing in the direction.

"I see it, sir; that is a sea crawfish, quite as good eating as a lobster. I wonder if I could make a lobster-pot? we should catch plenty, and very good they are."

"And what are those little rough things on the rocks?"

"They are a very nice little sort of oyster, sir, very sweet; not like those we have in England, but very much better indeed, they are so delicate."

"Why, Ready, we have two more good things for our table, again," replied William; "how rich we shall be."

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"Yes, sir; but we have to catch them, recollect; there is nothing to be had in this world without labour. The world is full of all that is useful to man; but the Almighty has declared that it is by the sweat of the brow that we are to gain our bread."

"Ready," said William, "we have good three hours' daylight; suppose we go back and tell what we have seen: my mother will be so glad to see us."

"I agree with you, Master William. We have done well for one day; and may safely go back again, and remain for another week, if that is all; that is, if we are wanted. There are no fruits at present, and all I care about are the yams; I should like to protect them from the pigs. But let us go home and talk the matter over with Mr. Seagrave."

William, as he walked away from the beach towards the cocoa-nut grove, picked a sprig of every plant he fell in with, to take back to his father. They found out the spot where they had left their knapsacks and hatchets, and again took their path through the cocoa-nut trees, following the blaze which they had made in the morning. One hour before sunset they arrived at the house,

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where they found Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave sitting outside, and Juno standing on the beach with the two children, who were amusing themselves with picking up the shells which were strewed about. William gave a very clear account of all they had seen, and showed his father the specimens of the plants which he had collected.

"This," said Mr. Seagrave, "is a well-known plant; and I wonder Ready did not recognize it; it is hemp."

"I never saw it except in the shape of rope," replied Ready. "I know the seed well enough."

"Well, if we require it, I can tell you how to dress it," replied Mr. Seagrave. "Now, William, what is the next?"

'This odd-looking rough thing."

"That's the egg-plant: it bears a fruit of a blue colour. I am told they eat it in the hot countries."

"Yes, sir, they do; they fry it with pepper and salt; they call it bringal. I think it must be that."

"I do not doubt but you are right," replied Mr. Seagrave. "Why, William, you should know this."

"It is like the grape-vine."

"Yes, and it is so; it is the wild grape; we

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shall eat them by-and-by; perhaps make wine; who knows?"

"I have only one more, papa; what is this?"

"You don't know it, because it has sprung up so high, William; but it is the common mustard-plant, — what we use in England, and sold as mustard and cress. Well, I think you have now made a famous day's work of it; and we have much to thank God for. Here comes Juno to get supper on the table; so we will go: the sun is just disappearing, and it will be dark in a few minutes."

As soon as they had returned to the house, a consultation was held as to their future proceedings; and after some debate, it was agreed that it would be advisable that they should take the boat out of the sand; and as soon as it was ready, examine the reef on the southward, to see if they could find a passage through it, as it would take a long while to go round it; and as soon as that was accomplished, Mr. Seagrave, Ready, William, and Juno, should all go through the wood, carrying with them a tent to pitch on the newly-discovered piece of ground; and that they should set up a flag-staff at the little harbour to point out its position. Of course,

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that would be a hard day's work; but that they would, nevertheless, return the same night; and not leave Mrs. Seagrave alone with the children. Having accomplished this, Ready and William would then put the wheels and axle in the boat, and other articles required, such as saw, hatchets, and spades, and row round to the south side of the island, to find the little harbour. As soon as they had landed them and secured the boat, they would then return by the path through the wood.

The next job would be to rail in the yam-plantation to keep off the pigs, and at the same time, to drive the sheep and goats through the wood, that they might feed on the new pasture-ground; the old one was to be reserved for cutting and making into hay for fodder. Ready and William were then to cut down cocoa-nut trees sufficient for the paling, fix up the posts, and when that was done, Mr. Seagrave was to come to them and assist them in railing it in, and drawing the timber. This they expected would be all done in about a month; and during that time, as Mrs. Seagrave and Juno would be, for the greatest part of it, left at the house, they were to employ themselves in clearing the garden of weeds, and making preparation for fencing it in.

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As soon as this important work had been completed, the boat would return to the bay with a load of prickly pears for the garden fence, and then they were to direct their attention to the stores which had been saved from the wreck, and were lying in the cove where they had first landed. When they had examined them, and brought round what were required, and secured them in the storehouse, they would then have a regular survey of the island by land and by water, and make a map of it, which Mr. Seagrave knew very well how to do. Such were the arrangements proposed for the season of fine weather which had now commenced. But man proposes and God disposes, as will be shown by the interruption of their intended projects which we shall have to narrate in the ensuing chapter.

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CHAPTER VIII.

As usual, Ready was the first up on the following morning, and having greeted Juno, who followed him out of the house, he set off on his accustomed rounds, to examine into the stock and their other possessions. He was standing in the garden at the point. First he thought that it would be necessary to get ready some sticks for the peas, which were now seven or eight inches out of the ground; he had proceeded a little farther, to where the calivances, or French haricot beans, had been sown, and had decided upon the propriety of hoeing up the earth round them, as they were a very valuable article of food, that would keep, and afford many a good dish during the rainy or winter season. He had gone on to ascertain if the cucumber seeds had shown themselves above ground, and was pleased to find that

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they were doing well. He said to himself, "We have no vinegar, that I know of, but we can preserve them in salt and water, as they do in Russia; it will be a change, at all events;" and then he raised his eyes and looked out to the offing, and, as usual, scanned the horizon. He thought he saw a ship to the north-east, and he applied his telescope to his eye. He was not mistaken—it was a vessel.

The old man's heart beat quick; he dropped his telescope on his arm, and fetched some heavy breaths before he could recover from the effect of this unexpected sight. After a minute, he again put his telescope to his eye, and then made her out to be a brig under top-sails and top-gallant sails, steering directly for the island.

Ready walked to the rocky point, from which they fished, and sat down to reflect. Could it be that the vessel had been sent after them, or that she had by mere chance come among the islands? He decided, after a short time, that it must be chance, for none could know that they were saved, much less that they were on the island. Her steering towards the island must then be either that she required water or

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something else; perhaps she would alter her course and pass by them. "At all events," thought the old man, "we are in the hands of God, who will, at his own time and in his own way, do with us as he thinks fit. I will not at present say anything to Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave. It would be cruel to raise hopes which might end in disappointment. A few hours will decide. And yet I cannot do without help — I must trust Master William—he is a noble boy, that, and clever beyond his years; if he lives, he will turn out a great, and, what is better, a good man."

Ready rose up again, examined the vessel with his telescope, and then walked towards the house. William was up, and the remainder of the family were stirring.

"William," said Ready to him, as they walked away from the house, "I have a secret to tell you, which you will at once see the necessity of not telling to any one at present. A few hours will decide the question." William readily gave his promise. "There is a vessel off the island; she may be the means of rescuing us, or she may pass without seeing us. It would be too cruel a disappointment to your father and mother, if the latter were the case."

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William stared at Ready, and for a moment could not speak, his excitement was so great.

"Oh, Ready, how grateful I am! How I do thank God! I trust that we may be taken away, for you have no idea how my poor father suffers in silence—and so does my mother."

"I know it, Master William, I know it, and it is natural; they do their best to control their yearnings, and they can do no more. But now, Master William, we must be quick, and at work before breakfast. But stop, I will show you the vessel."

Ready caught the vessel in the field of the telescope, which he leant against the trunk of a cocoa-nut, and William put his eye to the glass.

"Do you see her, sir?"

"O yes, Ready, and she is coming this way."

"Yes, sir, she is steering right for the island; but do not talk so loud; I will put the telescope down here, and we will go about our work; there is an axe at the storehouse. Come, Master William; come, quick, before your father leaves the house."

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William and Ready went to the storehouse for the axe. Ready selected a very slight cocoa-nut tree nearest to the beach, which he cut down, and as soon as the top was taken off, with the assistance of William, he carried it down to the point.

"Now, Master William, go for a shovel and dig a hole here, that we may fix it up as a flag-staff. When all is ready, I will go for a small block and some rope for halyards to hoist up the flags as soon as the vessel is likely to see them. When the hole is deep enough, come up to breakfast as if nothing had happened. At breakfast-time, I shall propose that you and I get the boat out of the sand and examine her, and give Mr. Seagrave some work indoors."

"But the flags, Ready; they are round my mother's bed. How shall we get them?"

"Suppose I say that it is time that the house should be well cleaned, and that the canvas hangings of the bed should be taken out to be aired this fine day. Ask your father to take the direction of the work while we dig out the boat; that will employ them all inside the house."

"Yes, that will do, Ready."

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During breakfast-time, Ready observed that he intended to get the boat out of the sand, and that William should assist him.

"And what am I to do, Ready?" said Mr. Seagrave.

"Why, sir, I think, now that the rains are over, it would not be a bad thing if we were to air bedding, as they say at sea; it is a fine, warm day, and if all the bedding was taken out of the house and well shaken, and then left out to air, it would be a very good job over; for you see, sir, I have thought more than once that the house does smell a little close."

"It will be a very good thing, Ready," observed Mrs. Seagrave; "and at the same time, Juno and I will give the house a thorough cleaning and sweeping."

"Had we not better have the canvas screens down and air them too?" said William.

"Yes, sir," replied Ready, "we had better air everything. We will assist in taking down the screens and flags, and spread them out to air, and then, if Mr. Seagrave has no objection, we will leave him to superintend and assist Madam Seagrave and Juno."

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"With all my heart," replied Mr. Seagrave. "We have done breakfast, and will begin as soon as you please."

Ready and William took down the canvas screens and flags, and went out of the cottage with them; they spread out the canvas at some distance from the house, and then William went down to the beach with the flags, while Ready procured the block and small rope to hoist them up with.

Ready's stratagem answered well. Without being perceived by those in the cottage, the flagstaff was raised, and fixed in the ground, and the flags all ready for hoisting; then Ready and William returned to the fuel-stack, and each carried down as much stuff as they could hold, that they might make a smoke to attract the notice of those on board of the vessel. All this did not occupy much more than an hour, during which the brig continued her course steadily towards the island. When Ready first saw her, the wind was light, but latterly the breeze had increased very much, and at last the brig took in her top-gallant sails. The horizon behind the vessel, which had been quite clear, was now banked up with clouds, and the waves curled in white foam over the reefs of rocks extending from the island.

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"The breeze is getting up strong, Master William," said Ready, "and she will soon be down, if she is not frightened at the reefs, which she can see plainer, now the water is rough, than she could before."

"I trust she will not be afraid," replied William. "How far do you think she is off now?"

"About five miles, Master William; not more. The wind has hauled round more to the southward, and it is banking up fast, I see. I fear that we shall have another smart gale; however, it won't last long. Come, Master William, let us hoist the flags; we must not lose a chance; the flags will blow nice and clear for them to see them."

William and Ready hoisted up the ensign first, and below it the flag, with the ship's name, "*Pacific*," in large letters upon it. "Now then," said Ready, as he made fast the halyards, "let us strike a light and make a smoke; that will attract their notice."

As soon as the cocoa-nut leaves were lighted, Ready and William threw water upon them, so as to damp them and procure a heavy column of smoke. The vessel approached rapidly, and they were watching her in silent suspense, when they

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perceived Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave, Juno carrying Albert, with Tommy and Caroline, running down as fast as they could to the beach. The fact was, that Tommy, tired of work, had gone out of the house and walked towards the beach; there he perceived, first, the flags hoisted, and then he detected the vessel off the island. He immediately ran back to the house, crying out, "Papa! Mamma! Capt. Osborne come back—come back in a big ship." At this announcement, Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave ran out of the house, perceived the vessel, and the flags flying, and, as we have stated, ran as fast as they could down to where William and Ready were standing by the flag-staff.

"Oh! Ready, why did you not tell us this before?" exclaimed Mr. Seagrave, out of breath.

"I wish you had not known it now, sir," replied Ready; "but, however, it can't be helped; it was done out of kindness, Mr. Seagrave."

"Yes, indeed it was, papa."

Mrs. Seagrave dropped down on the rock, and burst into tears. Mr. Seagrave was equally excited.

"Does she see us, Ready?" exclaimed he at last.

"No, sir, not yet, and I waited till she did, before I made it known to you," replied Ready.

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"She is altering her course, Ready," said William.

"Yes, sir, she has hauled to the wind; she is afraid of coming too near to the reefs."

"Surely she is not leaving us," exclaimed Mrs. Seagrave.

"No, Madam; but she does not see us yet."

"She does! she does!" cried William, throwing up his hat; "see, she hoists her ensign."

VESSEL HOISTING HER ENSIGN.

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"Very true, sir; she does see us. Thanks be to God."

Mr. Seagrave embraced his wife, who threw herself sobbing into his arms, kissed his children with rapture, and wrung old Ready's hand. He was almost frantic with joy. William was equally delighted. Juno grinned and laughed, while the tears ran down her cheeks, and Tommy took little Caroline by her two hands, and they danced round and round together.

As soon as they were a little more composed, Ready observed: "Mr. Seagrave, that they have seen us is certain, and what we must now do is to get our own boat out of the sand. We know the passage through the reefs, and they do not. I doubt if they will, however, venture to send a boat on shore, until the wind moderates a little. You see, sir, it is blowing up very strong just now."

"But you don't think it will blow harder, Ready?"

"I am sorry to say, sir, that I do. It looks very threatening to the southward, and until the gale is over, they will not venture near an island so surrounded with rocks. It would be very imprudent if they did. However, sir, a few hours will decide."

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"But surely," said Mrs. Seagrave, "even if it does blow, they will not leave the island without taking us off. They will come after the gale is over."

"Yes, madam, if they can, I do think they will; but God knows, some men have hard hearts, and feel little for the misery of others."

The brig had, in the mean time, kept away again, as if she was running in; but very soon afterwards she hauled to the wind, with her head to the northward, and stood away from the island.

"She is leaving us," exclaimed William, mournfully.

"Hard-hearted wretches!" said Mr. Seagrave, with indignation.

"You are wrong to say that, sir," replied Ready: "excuse me, Mr. Seagrave, for being so bold; but the fact is, that if I was in command of that vessel, I should do just as they have done. The gale rises fast, and it would be very dangerous for them to remain where they now are. It does not at all prove that they intend to leave us; they but consult their own safety, and, when the gale is over, we shall, I trust, see them again."

No reply was made to Ready's judicious remarks. The Seagraves only saw that the vessel

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was leaving them, and their hearts sank. They watched her in silence, and as she gradually diminished to the view, so did their hopes depart from them. The wind was now fierce, and a heavy squall, with rain, obscured the offing, and the vessel was no longer to be distinguished. Mr. Seagrave turned to his wife, and mournfully offered her his arm. They walked away from the beach without speaking: the remainder of the party, with the exception of old Ready, followed them. How different was their return to the house from the joyous descent to the beach. Ready remained some time with his eyes in the direction where the vessel was last seen. He was melancholy, for he had a foreboding that it would be seen no more. At last he hauled down the ensign and flag, and throwing them over his shoulder, followed the disconsolate party to the house.

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CHAPTER IX.

When Ready arrived, he found them all plunged in such deep distress, that he did not consider it advisable to say anything. The evening closed in; it was time to retire. The children had already been put to bed; but Mr. Seagrave remained without speaking, holding his wife by her hand. Mrs. Seagrave's head was rested upon her husband's shoulder, and an occasional low sob was to be heard. The countenance of Mr. Seagrave was not only gloomy, but morose. The hour for retiring to rest had long passed, when Ready broke the silence by saying, "Surely you do not intend to sit up all night, Mr. Seagrave?"

"Oh! no; there's no use sitting up now," replied Mr. Seagrave, rising up impatiently. "Come, my dear, let us go to bed."

Mrs. Seagrave rose, and retired behind the

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canvas screen. Her husband seemed as if he was about to follow her, when Ready, without speaking, laid the Bible on the table before him. Mr. Seagrave did not appear to notice it; but William touched his father's arm, pointed to the book, and then went inside of the screen, and led out his mother.

"God forgive me!" exclaimed Mr. Seagrave; "in my selfishness and discontent I had forgotten—"

"Yes, sir, you had forgotten those words, 'Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Those words are true, sir; I have felt them to be so."

"I am ashamed of myself," said Mrs. Seagrave, bursting into tears.

Mr. Seagrave opened the Bible and read the psalm. As soon as he had closed the book, "good night" were all the words that passed, and they all retired to rest.

During the night the wind howled and the rain beat down. The children slept soundly, but Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave, Ready, and William, were awake during the whole of the night, listening to the storm, and occupied with their own thoughts. It was the most unhappy night that had been passed since they first landed.

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Ready was dressed before daylight, and out on the beach before the sun had risen. The gale was at its height; and, after a careful survey with his telescope, he could see nothing of the vessel. He remained on the beach till breakfast-time, when he was summoned by William, and returned to the house. He found Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave up, and more composed than they were the evening before; and they welcomed him warmly.

"I fear, Ready," said Mr. Seagrave, "that you have no good news for us."

"No, sir, nor can you expect any good news until after the gale is over."

"Tell me, Ready," said Mrs. Seagrave, "do you really think that the vessel will come back for us?"

"I will tell you what our chances are, madam, and I can do no more. The vessel could not remain here during the gale — that is certain; and there is no saying what the effects of the gale may be. She may lie to, and not be far from us when the gale is over; or she may be obliged to scud before the gale, and run some hundred miles from us. Then, madam, comes the next chance. I think, by her running for the

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island, that she was short of water; the question is, then, whether she may not find it necessary to run for the port she is bound to, or water at some other place. You know, madam, that a captain of a vessel is bound to do his best for the owners. At the same time I do think, that if she can with propriety come back for us, she will. The question is, first, whether she can; and, secondly, whether the captain is a humane man, and will do so at his own inconvenience."

"There is but poor comfort in all that, Ready," replied Mr. Seagrave.

"It is useless holding out false hopes, sir," replied Ready; "but even if the vessel continues her voyage, I consider we have much to be thankful for."

"In what, Ready?"

"Why, sir, no one knew whether we were in existence or not, and probably we never should have been searched for; but now we have made it known, and by the ship's name on the flag they know who we are, and, if they arrive safe in port, will not fail to communicate the intelligence to your friends. Is not that a great deal to be thankful for? We may not be taken off by this vessel, but we have every hope that another will be sent out to us."

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"Very true, Ready; I ought to have seen that before; but my despair and disappointment were yesterday so great, that it almost took away my reason. We must trust in God."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, sir," replied Ready; "I thought you would soon return to your usual frame of mind. I felt for you, I assure you; and indeed I feel for you now. I know how dreadful this state of suspense must be."

"Let us say no more about it, Ready; we are but imperfect creatures; and God is merciful when we repent of our folly and wickedness."

The gale continued during the day, and showed no symptoms of abatement, when they again retired for the night. The following day Ready was up early, as usual, and William accompanied him to the beach.

"I don't think that it blows so hard as it did, Ready."

"No, Master William, it does not; the gale is breaking, and by night, I have no doubt will be over. It is, however, useless looking for the vessel, as she must be a long way from this. It would take her a week, perhaps, to come back to us, if she was to try to do so, unless the wind should change to the northward or westward."

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"Ready! Ready!" exclaimed William, pointing to the south-east part of the reef; "what is that? Look! it's a boat."

Ready put his telescope to his eye. "It's a canoe, Master William, and there are people in it."

"Why, where can they have come from, Ready? See! they are among the breakers; they will be lost. Let us go towards them, Ready."

They hastened along the beach to the spot nearest to where the canoe was tossing on the surf, and watched it as it approached the shore.

Master William, this canoe must have been blown off from the large island, which lies out there;" and Ready again looked through his telescope: "there are two people in it, and they are islanders. Poor things! they struggle hard for their lives, and seem much exhausted; but they have passed through the most dangerous part of the reef."

"Yes," replied William, "they will soon be in smoother water; but the surf on the beach is very heavy."

"They won't mind that, if their strength don't fail them—they manage the canoe beautifully."

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During this conversation the canoe had rapidly come towards the land. In a moment or two afterwards it passed through the surf and grounded on the beach. The two people in it had just strength enough left to paddle through the surf, and then they dropped down in the bottom of the canoe, quite exhausted.

"Let's drag the canoe higher up, Master William. Poor creatures! they are nearly dead."

While dragging it up, Ready observed that the

CANOE DRIVEN ON THE ISLAND.

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occupants were both women: their faces were tattooed all over, which disfigured them very much; otherwise they were young, and might have been good-looking.

"Shall I run up and get something for them, Ready?"

"Do, Master William; ask Juno to give you some of whatever there is for breakfast; anything warm."

William soon returned with some thin oatmeal porridge, which Juno had been preparing for breakfast; and a few spoonfuls being forced down the throats of the two natives, they gradually revived. William then left Ready, and went up to acquaint his father and mother with this unexpected event.

William soon returned with Mr. Seagrave, and as the women were now able to sit up, they hauled up the canoe as far as they could, to prevent her being beat to pieces. They found nothing in the canoe, except a piece of matting and the two paddles which had been used by the natives. The latter were very curiously carved, as well as the bow of the canoe.

"You see, sir," said Ready, "it is very clear that

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these two poor women, having been left in charge of the canoe, have been blown off from the shore of one of the islands to the south-east; they must have been contending with the gale ever since the day before yesterday, and as it appears, without food or water. It's a mercy that they gained this island."

"It is so," replied Mr. Seagrave; "but to tell the truth, I am not over pleased at their arrival. It proves what we were not sure of before, that we have very near neighbours, who may probably pay us a very unwelcome visit."

"That may be, sir," replied Ready; "still, these two poor creatures being thrown on shore here does not make the matter worse, or the danger greater. Perhaps it may turn to our advantage; for if these women learn to speak English before any other islanders visit us, they will interpret for us, and be the means, perhaps, of saving our lives."

"Would their visit be so dangerous, then, Ready?"

"Why, sir, a savage is a savage, and, like a child, wishes to obtain whatever he sees; especially he covets what he may turn to use, such as iron, &c. If they came, and we concealed a portion, and gave up the remainder of our goods, we might

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escape; but still there is no trusting to them, and I would infinitely prefer defending ourselves against numbers, to trusting to their mercy."

"But how can we defend ourselves against a multitude?"

"We must be prepared, sir: if we can fortify ourselves, with our muskets we would be more than a match for hundreds."

Mr. Seagrave turned away. After a pause, he said, "It is not very pleasant to be now talking of defending ourselves against savages, when we hoped two days ago to be leaving the island. Oh, that that brig would make its appearance again!"

"The wind is going down fast, sir," observed Ready; "it will be fine weather before the evening. We may look out for her: at all events, for the next week I shall not give up all hopes."

"A whole week, Ready! Alas! how true it is, that hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

"It is a severe trial, Mr. Seagrave; but we must submit when we are chastened. We had better get these poor creatures up to the house, and let them recover themselves."

"Yes, Ready; I presume they will understand signs."

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Ready then beckoned to them to get on their feet, which they both did, although with some difficulty. He then went in advance, making a sign for them to follow; they understood him, and made the attempt, but were so weak, that they would have fallen if they had not been supported by Mr. Seagrave and William.

It required a long time for them to arrive at the house. Mrs. Seagrave, who knew what had happened, received them very kindly, and Juno had a mess ready, which she put before them. They ate a little, and then lay down, and were soon sound asleep.

"It is fortunate for us that they are women," observed Mr. Seagrave: "we should have had great difficulty had they been men."

"Yes, sir," replied Ready; "but still we must not trust women too much at first, for they are savages. If it is the will of God that we still remain on this island, they may be very useful to us in many ways—indeed, I may say, be very valuable to us, as we have plenty of employment for them."

"Where shall we put them to-night, Ready?"

"Why, sir, I have been thinking about that. I wish we had a shed close to us: but as we have not, we must let them sleep in the storehouse."

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"Yes, that will do very well."

We must now pass over a space of fifteen days, in which there was nothing done. The expectation of the vessel returning was still alive, although each day decreased these hopes. Every morning Ready and William were at the beach with the telescope, and the whole of the day was passed in surmises, hopes, and fears. In fact, the appearance of the vessel and the expectation of leaving the island, had completely overturned all the regularity and content of our island party. No other subject was broached—not any of the work proposed was begun, as it was useless to do anything if they were to leave the island. After the first week had passed, they felt that every day their chances were more adverse, and at the end of the fortnight all hopes were very unwillingly abandoned. They had had time to school themselves into resignation, and now once more turned their thoughts to their own immediate pursuits.

The Indian women had, in the mean time, recovered their fatigues, and appeared to be very mild and tractable. Whatever they were able to do, they did cheerfully, and had already gained a few words of English. The party to explore

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was again talked over, and arranged for the following Monday, when a new misfortune fell on them, which disconcerted all their arrangements.

On the Saturday morning, when Ready, as usual, went his rounds, as he walked along the beach, he perceived that the Indian canoe was missing. It had been hauled up clear of the water, so that it could not have floated away. Ready's heart misgave him; he looked through his telescope in the direction of the large island, and thought he could distinguish a speck on the water at a great distance. As he was thus occupied, William came down to him.

"Master William," said Ready, "I fear those island women have escaped in their canoe. Run up and see if they are in the outhouse, or anywhere else, and let me know as soon as you can."

William in a few minutes returned, breathless, stating that the women were not to be found, and that they had evidently carried away with them a quantity of the large nails and other pieces of iron which were in the small kegs in the storehouse.

"This is bad, Master William—very bad indeed; this is worse than the vessel not coming back."

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"Why, we can do without them, Ready."

"Yes, sir; but when they get back to their own people, and show them the iron they have brought with them, and describe how much more there is to be had, depend upon it, we shall have a visit from them in numbers, that they may obtain more. I ought to have known better than to have left the canoe here; it should have been burnt. We must go and consult with Mr. Seagrave, for the sooner we begin to work now, the better. Come, Master William; but recollect, we must make light of this to your mamma."

They communicated the intelligence to Mr. Seagrave when they were outside. He at once perceived their danger; but considered it better to acquaint Mrs. Seagrave with it, and to conceal nothing.

This was done accordingly, and then they held a council, and came to the following resolutions:—

That it would be necessary that they should immediately stockade the storehouse, so as to render it impossible for any one to get in; and that, as soon as the fortification was complete, the storehouse should be turned into their dwelling-house; and such stores as could not be put

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within the stockade should be removed to their present house, or concealed in the cocoa-nut grove. That after they had thus arranged for their security against any sudden attack, they would follow up their former plans.

It was decided that nothing should be begun on that day, Saturday; that Sunday should be spent in devout prayer for help and encouragement from the Almighty, who would do towards them as his wisdom should ordain; and that, on Monday, with the blessing of God, they would recommence their labour.

"I don't know why, but I feel more courage, now that there is a prospect of danger, than I felt when there was little or none," said Mrs. Seagrave.

"I do not doubt it, madam; and should it be called into request, that you will prove it; which I hope may not be the case."

"How little do we know what the day may bring forth!" exclaimed Mr. Seagrave. "How joyful were our anticipations when the vessel hoisted her colours; we felt sure that we were to be taken off the island. The same gale that drove the vessel away brought down to us the island women. The fair weather after the gale,

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which we hoped would have brought back the vessel to our succour, on the contrary, enabled the women to escape in the canoe, and make known our existence to those who may come to destroy us. How true it is that man plans in vain: how true that he is as naught; and that it is only by the Almighty will and pleasure that he can obtain his ends. All that we can say is, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.'"

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THE COUNCIL.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN we closed our last chapter, the family on the island were in a very uncomfortable state of mind; they had suffered much by disappointment, from the vessel having been driven off the island by the gale of wind, at a time when they felt certain that they would be taken on board; and, moreover, the escape of the two native women in the canoe, with the iron nails, and other articles, so

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coveted by savages, had filled them with apprehensions lest the savages should visit the island in great numbers with the hope of obtaining more. They were consequently in so sad a state of suspense, that for three weeks after the vessel had been driven away, notwithstanding their consultations and resolutions, they still remained quite inactive: at times, indulging the hope that the vessel might return; at others, looking anxiously in the direction of the larger island, to ascertain if there was not a fleet of canoes coming down for their destruction.

One morning, at sunrise, as they were looking round with the telescope, close to the turtle-pond, Masterman Ready said to Mr. Seagrave, "Indeed, sir, we must no longer remain in this state of idleness; I have been thinking a great deal of our present position and prospects: as to the vessel coming back, we must, at present, give up all hopes of it. I only wish that we were quite as sure that we shall not have a visit from the savages: that is my great fear, and it really haunts me; the idea of our being surprised some night, and Mrs. Seagrave and the dear children, perhaps, murdered in their beds, is awful to reflect upon."

"God help us!" exclaimed Mr. Seagrave, covering up his face.

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"God will help us, Mr. Seagrave, but at the same time it is necessary that we should help ourselves; he will give his blessing to our exertions, but we cannot expect that miracles will be performed for us; and if we remain as we now are, inactive, and taking no steps to meet the danger which threatens us, we cannot expect the divine assistance. We have had a heavy shock, but it is now time that we recover from it, and put our own shoulders to the wheel."

"I agree with you, Ready," replied William; "indeed, I have been thinking the same thing for many days past."

"We have all been *thinking* of it, I believe." said Mr. Seagrave; "I'm sure I have lain awake night after night, considering our position and what we ought to do, but I have never been able to come to any satisfactory resolution."

"No more have I till last night, Mr. Seagrave; but I think that I have now something to propose, which, perhaps, will meet with your approval," replied Ready; "so now, sir, suppose we hold another council and come to a decision."

"I am most willing, Ready," said Mr. Seagrave, sitting down upon a rock; "and as you are the oldest, and moreover the best adviser of the three, we will first hear what you have to propose."

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"Well, then, Mr. Seagrave, it appears to me that it will not do to remain in the house, for we may, as I have said, be surprised by the savages at any hour in the night, and we have no means of defence against numbers."

"I feel that, and have felt it for some time," replied Mr. Seagrave. "What shall we do, then; shall we return to the cove?"

"I should think not, sir," said Ready; "what I propose is this: we have made a discovery on the south of the island, which is of great importance to us; not that I consider the fruit and other plants of any great value, as they will only serve to increase our luxuries, if I may so call them, during the summer season. One great advantage to us, is the feed which we have found for our live stock, and the fodder for them during the rainy season; but principally, the patch of yams, which will afford us food during the winter. They are of great importance to us, and we cannot too soon protect them from the pigs, which will certainly root them all up, if we do not prevent them. Now, sir, you know what we had arranged to do, but which we have not done; I think the cocoa-nut rails will take too much time, and it will be sufficient to make a ditch and hedge round the yams, sir; but it will be very

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tedious if we are to go backwards and forwards to do the work, and Mrs. Seagrave and the children will be left alone. I therefore propose, as the weather is now set in fair, and will remain so for months, that we pitch our tents on that part of the island, and remove the whole family there; we shall soon be very comfortable, and at all events much safer there than if we remain here without any defence."

"It is an excellent plan, Ready; we shall, as you say, be removed from danger for the time, and when there, we may consider what we had best do by-and-by."

"Yes, sir. Those women may not have gained the other island, it is true, for they had the wind right against them for several days after they went away in the canoe, and, moreover, the current sets strong this way; but if they have, we must expect that the savages will pay us a visit; they will of course come direct to the house, if they do come."

"But, Ready, you don't mean to say that we are to leave this side of the island altogether, and all our comfortable arrangements?" said William.

"No, Master William, not altogether; for now I come to the second part of my proposition. As soon as we have done our work at the yam-planta-

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tion, and made everything as comfortable there as we can, I think we may then leave Mrs. Seagrave and the children in the tents, and work here. As we before agreed, let us abandon the house, in which we live at present, and fit out the out-house, which is concealed in the cocoa-nut grove, as a dwelling-house, and fortify it so as to be secure against any sudden attack of the savages ; for return here we must, to live, as we cannot remain in the tents after the rainy season sets in."

"How do you propose to fortify it, Ready?" said Mr. Seagrave ; "I hardly know. What is a stockade?"

"That I will explain to you by-and-by, sir. Then, if the savages come here, at all events we should be able to defend ourselves with fire-arms ; one man behind a stockade is better than twenty who have no other arms but spears and clubs ; and we may, with the help of God, beat them off."

"I think your plan is excellent, Ready," said Mr. Seagrave, "and that the sooner we begin, the better."

"That there is no doubt of, sir. Now, the first job is for William and me to try for the passage through this side of the reef with the boat, and then

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we will look for the little harbour, which we discovered; as soon as that is done, we will return, and take the tents and all we require round in the boat, and when we have pitched the tents, and all is arranged, Mrs. Seagrave and the children can walk through the wood with us and take possession. Now, Mr. Seagrave, if we are all agreed, the sooner we begin the better, for we have plenty to do, and we must recollect that we shall have to go up to the cove before we can commence the stockade, to procure nails, and many other things; indeed, we may as well have a regular survey of our stores there when we are about it."

"Let us not lose a day, not an hour, Ready; we have lost too much time already," replied Mr. Seagrave; "and may the blessing of Heaven attend our endeavours. What shall we do to-day?"

"At breakfast, sir, we will communicate our intentions to Mrs. Seagrave; after breakfast, William and I will take the boat and try for the passage. You can remain here, packing up the tents, and such articles as must first be carried round. We shall be back, I hope, by dinner-time."

They then rose and walked towards the house; all felt relieved in their minds, after they had made this arrangement, satisfied that they would be using

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all human endeavours to ward off the danger which threatened them, and might then put their confidence in that Providence who would, if He thought fit, protect them in their need.

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TOMMY AND CRAYFISH.

CHAPTER XI.

THE subject was introduced to Mrs. Seagrave while they were at breakfast, and as she perceived how much more secure they would be, she cheerfully consented. In less than an hour afterwards, William and Ready had prepared the boat, and were pulling out among the rocks of the reef to find a passage, which, after a short time, and by keeping

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two or three cables from the point, they succeeded in doing.

"This is very fortunate, Master William," observed Ready; "but we must now take some marks to find our way in again. See, sir, the large black rock is on a line with the garden point: so, if we keep them in one, we shall know that we are in the proper channel; and now for a mark abreast of us, to find out when we enter it."

"Why, Ready, the corner of the turtle-pond just touches the right wall of the house," replied William.

"So it does, sir; that will do, and now let us pull away as hard as we can, so as to be back in good time."

They soon were on the south side of the island, and pulling up along the shore.

"How far do you think that it is by water, Ready?"

"I hardly know, Master William; but at least four or five miles, so we must make up our minds to a good hour's pull. At all events, we shall sail back again with this wind, although there is but little of it."

"We are in very deep water now," observed William, after a long silence.

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"Yes, sir; on this side of the island we must expect it; the coral grows to leeward only. I think that we cannot be very far from the little harbour we discovered. You see, sir, we have opened upon the meadow land and the clumps of trees. Suppose we leave off rowing for a minute, and look about us."

"There are two rocks close to the shore, Ready," said William, pointing, "and you recollect there were two or three rocks outside of the harbour."

"Very true, Master William; and I should not wonder if you have not hit upon the very spot. Let us pull in."

They did so; and, to their satisfaction, found that they were in the harbour, where the water was as smooth as a pond.

"Now, then, Master William; we will step the mast, and sail back at our leisure."

"Stop one moment, Ready; give me the boat-hook. I see something between the clefts of the rocks."

Ready handed the boat-hook to William, who, lowering it down into the water, drove the spike of iron at the end of it into a large crayfish, which he hauled up into the boat.

"That will be an addition to our dinner, Master William," said Ready; "we do not go back empty-

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handed, and, therefore, as the saying is, we shall be more welcome ; now, then, let us start, for we must pull here again this afternoon, and with a full cargo on board."

They stepped the mast, and as soon as they had pulled the boat clear of the harbour, they set the sail, and in less than an hour had rejoined the party at the house.

William had brought up the crayfish, which had only one claw, and Juno had put on another pot of water to boil it, as an addition to the dinner, which was nearly ready. Tommy at first went with his sister Caroline to look at the animal, and as soon as he had left off admiring it, he began, as usual, to tease it, as he did the lion at the Cape: first he poked its eyes with a stick, then he tried to unfold its tail, but the animal flapped, and he ran away. At last he was trying to put his stick into the creature's mouth, when it raised its large claw, and caught him by the wrist, squeezing him so tight that Tommy screamed and danced about as the crayfish held on. Fortunately for him, the animal had been so long out of water, and had been so much hurt by the iron spike of the boat-hook, that it was more than half dead, or he would have been severely hurt. Ready ran to him and disengaged the crayfish ; but

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Tommy was so frightened, that he took to his heels, and did not leave off running until he was one hundred yards from the house, while Juno and Ready were laughing at him till the tears came into their eyes. Tommy was very sulky at being laughed at, so he sat down when he had left off running, till he saw the dinner going in, and then he came back, looking very foolish. When he saw the crayfish on the table, he appeared to be afraid of it, although it was dead.

"Well, Tommy," said Mr. Seagrave, "I suppose you won't eat any of the crayfish?"

"Won't I?" replied Tommy. "I'll eat him, for he tried to eat me."

"What part will you have, Tommy—the claw?" said Mr. Seagrave.

"Yes, I'll eat the claw,—nasty beast; I'll eat him, out of spite."

"Why did you not leave the animal alone, Tommy?" said Mr. Seagrave; "if you had not tormented it, it would not have bitten you; I don't know whether you ought to have any, if you only eat it out of spite; you should eat with joy and gratitude. What do you say in your grace before meat, Tommy? tell me, sir."

"'For what we are going to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful,'" said Tommy, gloomily.

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"Well, but by your account you are only 'truly spiteful,' and therefore I do not think you ought to have any."

"I don't like it; I won't have any," replied Tommy. "I like salt pork better."

"Well, then, if you don't like it, you shall not have it forced upon you, Tommy," replied Mr. Seagrave; "so now we'll divide it among the rest of us."

Tommy was not very well pleased at this decision, for he really did wish to have some of it, so he turned very sulky for the rest of the dinner-time, especially when old Ready told him that he had had his share of the crayfish before dinner.

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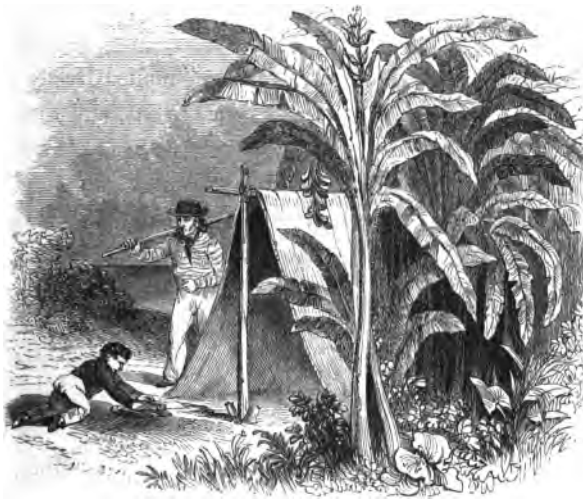

BANANA CLUMP AND TENT.

CHAPTER XII.

As soon as the meal was over, Mr. Seagrave and Juno assisted them in carrying down the canvas and poles for the tent, with shovels to clear away, and the pegs to fix the tents up properly. Before they started, William observed, "I think it would be a good thing, if Ready and I were to take our bedding with us, and then we could fix up one tent this evening, and sleep there; to-morrow morning

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we might set up the other, and get a good deal of work over before we came back."

"You are right, Master William," replied Ready; "let us see what Juno can give us to eat, and then we will do as you say, for the sooner we are all there the better."

As Mr. Seagrave was of the same opinion, Juno packed up a piece of salt pork and some flour cakes, which, with three or four bottles of water, they took down to the boat; the axes, saw, and mallet, were also put in. Ready having thrown in a piece of rope to moor the boat with, they shoved off, and were soon through the reef, and after a smart pull,—for they were anxious to get round as soon as possible,—they arrived again at the small harbour.

As soon as they had landed all the things, they made the boat fast by the rope, and then carried a portion of the canvas and tent-poles up to the first copse of trees, which were the guavas; they then returned for the remainder, and after three trips everything was up.

"Now, Master William, we must see where we must pitch the tent; we must not be too near the cocoa-nut grove, or we shall have too far to go for water."

"Don't you think that the best place will be close

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to the bananas? the ground is higher there, and the water is, you know, between the bananas and the yams."

"Very true, Master William, I think it will not be a bad place; let us walk there first, and reconnoitre the ground."

They walked to where the bananas were now throwing out their beautiful large green leaves, and decided that they would fix the tents upon the north side of them; first, because the trees would prevent the tents from being seen from the seaward, and secondly, because the clumps would shade them from the sun during the hottest portion of the day.

"So here let it be, Master William," said Ready; "and now let us go and fetch all the things; it is a nice dry spot, and I think will do capitally."

They were soon hard at work, and long before sunset one tent was ready, and they had put their bedding in it.

"Well, now, I suppose you are a little tired, sir," said Ready; "I'm sure you ought to be, for you have worked hard to-day."

"I don't feel very tired, Ready; but it's not time to go to bed yet."

"No, sir; then I think we had better take our shovels and dig the pits for the water, and then we

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shall know by to-morrow morning whether the water is good or not."

"Yes, Ready, we can do that before we get our suppers, and go to bed."

They walked to where the ground between the bananas and yam-patch was wet and swampy, and dug two large holes about a yard deep and square; the water trickled in very fast, and they were up to their ancles before they had finished.

"There'll be no want of water, Ready, if it is only fit to drink."

"I've no fear of that, sir," replied Ready, "but still there's nothing like having all done before they come here; so now our work is finished for the day."

They returned to the tent, and made their supper off the salt pork and flour cakes, and then lay down on the mattresses. They were soon fast asleep, for they were well tired out with the hard work which they had gone through.

The next morning, at sunrise, they were up again; the first thing they did was to go and examine the holes they had dug for water: they found them full and running over, and the water had settled quite clear; they tasted it, and pronounced it very good, but not so good as what they had in the well near the house in the bay.

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As soon as they had washed themselves, they went back and made their breakfast, and then set to work to get up the other tent, which being for Mrs. Seagrave and the children, was more carefully put up. They then cleared all the ground near the tents of brushwood and high grass, and levelled it nicely with their shovels inside.

"Now, Master William, we have another job, which is to prepare a fire-place for Juno: we must go down to the beach for stones. Let us take this large bit of canvas, and then between us we may carry up as many as we require."

In another hour the fire-place was completed, and Ready and William looked at their work.

"Well, I call this a very comfortable lodging-house," said Ready.

"And I am sure," replied William, "it's very pretty. Mamma will be delighted with it."

"We shall have no want of bananas in a few weeks, sir," said Ready; "look, they are all in blossom already. Well, now, I suppose we had better leave everything here, and go back again. We must have another trip this afternoon, and sleep here to-night."

They went down to the boat, and sailed back as before; by ten o'clock in the morning they had

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regained the house, and then they made the arrangements for their work during the remainder of the day. It was agreed that the provisions necessary for a day or two, the table and chairs, the cooking utensils, and a portion of their clothes, should be taken round that afternoon, that Ready and William should come back early the next morning, and then they should all set off together through the wood to the new location. Little Albert could now walk very well, and would not require to be carried, except now and then. Tommy and Caroline of course would walk with Juno; the sheep and lambs (for they had four lambs), the goats and kids, were to be driven through the wood by Mr. Seagrave; William and Ready and the dogs would be very useful in driving them. As for the fowls and chickens, it was decided they should be left, as Ready and William could look after them on their occasional visits.

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TOMMY AND PIGS.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE boat was well loaded that afternoon, and they had a heavy pull round, and hard work afterwards, to carry all the articles up. William and Ready were, therefore, not sorry when their work was done, and they went to bed as soon as they had taken their supper.

At sunrise, they went back to the bay in the boat, which they hauled up, and then proceeded to the house, where they found that every one was ready to

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start. Mr. Seagrave had collected all the animals, and they set off; the marks on the trees were very plain, and they had no difficulty in finding their way; but they had a good deal of trouble with the goats and sheep, and did not get on very fast. It was three hours before they got clear of the cocoa-nut grove, and Mrs. Seagrave was quite tired out. At last they arrived, and Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave could not help exclaiming, "How beautiful!"

When they came to where the tents were pitched by the side of the bananas, they were equally pleased: it was quite a fairy spot. Mrs. Seagrave went into her tent to repose after her fatigue; the goats and sheep were allowed to stray away as they pleased, and were feeding with avidity upon the fresh herbage; the dogs lay down, panting with their long journey; Juno put little Albert on the bed, while she went with William to collect fuel to cook the dinner; Ready went to the pits to get some water, while Mr. Seagrave walked about, examining the different clumps of trees with which the meadow was studded; Caroline was in the tent with her mother, and Tommy sat on the ground and stared about him.

When Ready returned with the buckets of water, he called the dogs, and went back towards the yam-

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plantation. Tommy got up after a while, and followed; the dogs went into the yams, and were soon barking furiously, which pleased Tommy very much; when, of a sudden, out burst again in a drove all the pigs, followed by the dogs, and so close to Tommy that he screamed with fright, and tumbled over head and heels.

"I thought you were there, my gentlemen," said Ready, looking after the pigs; "the sooner we fence you out the better."

The pigs scampered away, and went into the cocoa-nut grove, as they had done before. Tommy also scampered away as soon as he could recover his legs. The dogs followed the pigs, and did not return for a long while afterwards, and then came back hot and tired, proving that they must have chased them for a long distance.

It was late before the dinner was ready, and they were all very glad to go early to bed.

At day-dawn, William and Ready had again started, and walked through the cocoa-nut grove back to the house, to bring round in the boat the articles of furniture and the clothes which had been left. Having collected everything in the house, and procured some more pork and flour from the store-house, they completed the load by spearing one of

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the turtles which remained, and putting it into the bottom of the boat; they then set off again for their new residence, and arrived in time for breakfast. After the meal was over, they were assisted by Juno and Mr. Seagrave in bringing the contents of the boat up to the tents.

"What a delightful spot this is," said Mrs. Seagrave. "I think we ought always to make it our summer residence, and only go back to the house during the rainy season."

"It is much cooler here, Madam, during the summer, and much more pleasant; but we are more protected in the house by the cocoa-nut grove."

"Yes; that is true, and it is very valuable during the rainy season; but it makes it warmer in the summer time: we have not such a nice breeze as we have here. I assure you, Ready, that I like the change, and shall be sorry when we have to go back again."

"I saw such pretty parrots this morning," said little Caroline; "I wish I had one for my very own."

"I'll try, Miss, to find you a young one by-and-by; but it is too soon yet," replied Ready. "Now I must go and help Juno to cut up the turtle. We must make our larder among the banana-trees."

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"But what are we all to do, Ready?" said Mr. Seagrave; "we must not be idle."

"No, sir; but I think we must give up this day to putting everything to rights, and making everything comfortable inside the tents; we must be at Mrs. Seagrave's orders to-day, and to-morrow we will commence the ditch and hedge round the yam plantation. We need not work very hard at it, for I don't think the pigs will venture here again, as I mean to tie up all the dogs round the yam-patch every night, and their barking will keep them off."

"That will be a very good plan, Ready. What beautiful food there is for the sheep and goats."

"Yes, sir; this must be their future residence for the best part of the year. Now, sir, I think that to-morrow we will begin a piece of the ditch, and show William how to put in the cuttings of prickly pear for the hedge, and then, sir, I should propose that we leave Master William here with his mother, to work at his leisure, while you and I go to the cove to examine the stores, and select what it will be necessary to bring round. I think you said that you must go yourself?"

"Yes, Ready, I wish to go; Mrs. Seagrave will not object to parting with me for three or four days. When we have made selection, I will then return,

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and then you and William, who is more used to the boat than I am, can bring the stores round. I presume we shall not bring them here?"

"No, sir, we will take them round to the store-house. When we have done that job, we must then commence our alterations and our stockade."

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READY AND MR. SEAGRAVE AT THE COVE.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE next morning they went with their shovels to the yam plantation, and commenced their work. As the ground was soft and swampy, the labour was very easy. The ditch was dug nearly a yard wide, and the earth thrown up on a bank inside. They then went to where the large patch of prickly pears grew, and cut a quantity, which they planted on the

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top of the bank. Before night, they had finished about nine or ten yards of the hedge and ditch.

"I don't think that the pigs will get over that when it is finished," said Ready, "and Master William will be able to get on by himself when we are gone, as well as if we were with him."

"Yes, but not quite so fast, Ready."

"Don't overwork yourself, Master William; all you have to do is to tether the dogs as I did last night, and I have no doubt that after one or two more attempts, the pigs will come no more."

"I'll try if I cannot shoot a pig or two," said William.

"Let it be a young one, then, sir; we must not kill the old ones. Now I think we may as well go back; the sun will soon be down, and Juno is carrying in the supper."

Before Mr. Seagrave and Ready started on the following morning the latter gave William directions as to the boat. The provisions and the knapsack having been already prepared, they took leave of Mrs. Seagrave, and set off, each armed with a musket, and Ready with his axe slung over his shoulder. They had a long walk before them, as they had first to find their way back to the house, and from thence had to walk through the wood to

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the cove, so that it was a long round to take, but that could not be helped, as they were obliged to follow the blazing or marks which they had made in the trees.

As soon as they arrived at the house, they stopped there an hour to rest, and then went down to the garden at the point; the potatoes and peas in the garden were looking very well, and the onion seed had not failed. Ready carefully examined and repaired the fence, because, as he observed, now that the wild pigs were driven away from the yams, they would, in all probability, come there in search of food.

"How solitary and deserted the place looks now, Ready, that there is nothing living to be seen," observed Mr. Seagrave. "Let us go on."

They recommenced their journey, and in two hours more reached the cove, where they had first landed. The rocks near to it were strewed with timber and planks, which lay bleaching in the sun, or half buried in the sand at the little cove. Mr. Seagrave sat down, and sighed deeply, as he said, "Ready, the sight of these timbers, of which the good ship Pacific was built, and which are now strewed in every direction, recalls feelings which I had hoped to have dismissed from my mind; but I cannot help them rising up.

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The remains of this vesssel appear to me as the last link between us and the civilized world, which we have been torn from, and all my thoughts of home and country, and I may say all my longing for them, are revived as strong as ever."

"And very natural that they should, Mr. Seagrave; I feel it also. I am content, it is true, because I have nothing to wish or look forward to; but still I could not help thinking of poor Captain Osborne and my shipmates, as I looked upon the wreck, and wishing that I might take them by the hand again. It is very natural that one should do so. Why, sir, do you know that I feel unhappy even about the poor ship! We sailors love our vessels, especially when they have good qualities, and the Pacific was as fine a vessel as ever was built (a little wall-sided, perhaps, but that was of no consequence). Now, sir, I feel quite melancholy when I see her planks and timbers lying about here. They seem to me like the skeleton of some human being, who has been cast away, and whose bones, after a time, lie bleaching in the sun and wind. But, sir, if we cannot help feeling as we do, it is our duty to check the feeling, so that it does not get the mastery over us. We can do no more."

"Very true, Ready," said Mr. Seagrave, rising

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up; "it is not only useless, but even sinful, to indulge in them, as they only can lead to our repining at the decrees of Heaven. Let us now examine the rocks, and see if anything has been thrown up that may be of use to us."

They walked round, but, with the exception of spars and a barrel or two of tar, they could find nothing of value. There was no want of staves and iron hoops of broken casks, and these, Ready observed, would make excellent palings for the garden when they had time to bring them round; and he said, that he thought there were so many, that they might pale off a piece of land to sow their wheat and barley in by-and-by, and in the mean time it would enable them to make hay for the winter provisions of the stock, which, however, was not of such consequence, now that they had such a quantity of banana stems to feed the animals with during the rainy season.

After they had returned, they sat down to rest themselves, and then they went to the tents in the cocoa-nut grove, in which they had collected the articles thrown up when the ship went to pieces.

"Why! the pigs have been at work here," said Ready; "they have contrived to open one cask of flour somehow or another; look, sir,—I suppose it must have been shaky, or they could not have routed

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into it; the canvas is not good for much, I fear; fortunately, we have several bolts of new, which I brought on shore. Now, sir, we will see what condition the stores are in. All these are casks of flour, and we run no risk in opening them, and seeing if they are in good order."

The first cask which was opened had a cake round it as hard as a board; but when it was cut through with the axe, the inside was found in a good state.

"That's all right, sir; and I presume the others will be the same; the salt water has got in so far and made a crust, which has preserved the rest; however, we shall open them all as they come to hand. But now let us go to dinner, and to work afterwards. We have some nice cold fried turtle steaks, which Juno has packed up for us."

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OPENING THE CASES.

CHAPTER XV.

After dinner they resumed their labour. "I wonder what's in this case?" said Mr. Seagrave, pointing to the first at hand. Ready set to work with his axe, and broke off the lid, and found a number of pasteboard boxes full of tapes, narrow ribbons, stay-laces, whalebones, and cottons on reels.

"This has been sent out for some Botany Bay milliner," said Mr. Seagrave, "I presume, and I

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don't doubt she has been very much put out at not receiving it; however, we must confiscate it for the benefit of Mrs. Seagrave and Miss Caroline. We will take them to them as soon as we have time. Now for another, Ready."

The next was a box with a lock; the lid was forced up, and they found a dozen half-gallon square bottles of gin stored in divisions.

"That's Hollands, sir, I know," said Ready; "what shall we do with it?"

"We will not destroy it, Ready, but at the same time we will not use it but as a medicine," replied Mr. Seagrave; "we have been so long used to spring-water, that it would be a pity to renew a taste for spirituous liquors; we will take a bottle or two of it round when we have room for it; it may be useful."

"I trust we shall never want to drink a drop of it, sir, either as a medicine or otherwise. Now, for this cask with wooden hoops."

The head was soon out, and discovered a dinner set of painted china with gold edges, which was very beautiful.

"Well, Mr. Seagrave, this may be useful, for we are rather short of plates and dishes. Common white would have served as well."

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"And be more suitable, certainly, with our present outfit," replied Mr. Seagrave; "but nevertheless, as you say, this fine china is just as useful as common, and therefore not to be despised."

"Here's a box with your name on it, sir," said Ready; "do you know what is in it?"

"I have no idea, Ready; but your axe will decide the point."

When the box was opened, everything appeared in a sad mouldy state, from the salt water which had penetrated; but on removing the brown paper and pasteboard, it was found to contain stationery of all sorts, and except on the outside, it was very little injured.

"This is indeed a treasure, Ready. I recollect now; this is paper, pens, and everything requisite for writing, besides children's books, copy-books, paint-boxes, and a great many other articles in the stationery line."

"Well, sir, that is fortunate. Now, we may set up our school, and as the whole population of the island will attend it, it will really be a National School."

"Very true, Ready. Now for that cask."

"I can tell what that is by the outside; it is oil, and very acceptable, for our candles are nearly out.

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But there are two or three cases more of candles which we saved. We shall come to them by-and-by. Now we come to the most valuable of all our property."

"What is that, Ready?"

"All the articles which I brought on shore in the different trips I took in the boat before the ship went to pieces; for you see, sir, iron don't swim, and, therefore, what I looked after most was iron ware of all sorts, and tools. I have a famous lot of nails. Here are three kegs of small nails, besides two bags of large, and there are several axes, hammers, and other tools, besides all these hanks of twine, sailing needles, and bees'-wax, and here's a few bolts of fine canvas, and all in good order."

"They are, indeed, valuable, Ready."

"Yes, sir, we should have been sadly in want of them, for those two savages took all that they could lay their hands upon in the way of iron when they started off in the canoe. It was fortunate we had not brought any more round. Here's some more of my plunder, as the Americans say. All these are wash-deck buckets, this is a small harness-cask for salting meat, and here's the cook's wooden trough for making bread, which will please Miss Juno; and in it, you see, I have put all the galley-hooks, ladles,

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and spoons, and the iron trivets (they will be very useful), and here's two lamps. I think I put some cotton wicks somewhere—I know I did; we shall find them by-and-by. Here's the two casks, one of cartridges made up, and the other of gunpowder; and here's the half-cask of cartridges, all in good order, and the other six muskets, which, by the bye, will want a little cleaning. But that was to be expected."

"These are really treasures, Ready, and yet how well we have done without them."

"Very true, sir, but we shall do better with them, and when we fit up the storehouse for a dwelling, Mr. Seagrave, we shall be able to make it a little more comfortable in every respect than the present one; for you see there, all the fir-planking and deals, which Master William and I buried in the sand; why, sir, we shall be able to floor the house, and make capital bed-places."

"I really had quite forgotten them, Ready; but, as you say, there are enough for all that you propose, and twice over. If I could but get the fear of the savages coming over out of my head, I really think we might live very comfortably even on this island."

"Do you know, Mr. Seagrave, I am glad to hear you say that, for it proves that you are more contented and resigned than you were."

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"I am so, Ready—at least I think so; but perhaps it is, that the immediate danger from the savages so fills my thoughts, that I no longer dwell so much upon our being taken off the island. One anxiety has to a certain degree driven away and quelled the other."

"I dare say it is as you state, sir; but now let us go on with our search. Here are the ship's compasses, and deep sea line and reel, also the land lead. The stuff will be very useful for our little boat."

"And I am very glad of the compasses, Ready; for with them I shall be able to make a sort of survey of the island, when I have a little time. Your pocket compass is too small for surveying. Perhaps you don't know that in my younger days I went out to Sydney as a surveyor."

"No, I never did hear of that. I suppose, then, you'll be able to tell exactly how many acres of feed we have for the animals?"

"Yes, I will tell you that as soon as we get back; but I shall take some bearings, now, while I am here, as I may not be back again very soon."

"Well, sir, I think if we open this other case, which I perceive has your name on it, it will be as much as we need do to-day, for the sun is going down, and I feel a little tired; we can then make

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up some kind of bed, eat our suppers, and go to sleep."

"I am very tired, Ready, and shall be glad to do as you propose. That case contains books; but what portion of my library I do not know."

"But you soon will, sir," replied Ready, wrenching it open with his axe. "They are a little stained on the outside, but they are jammed so tight, that they do not appear to have suffered much. Here are one or two, sir."

"Plutarch's Lives. I am glad I have them: they are excellent reading for young or old; there is no occasion to open any more, Ready, as I know all the other books in the case are 'History;' perhaps the best case which could have been saved."

"I think there are two others, sir; but that we can see to-morrow."

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MR. SEAGRAVE AND READY WITH THE PIG.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. Seagrave and Ready then set to work, and made a rough sort of bed of cocoa-nut branches; and, after eating their supper, committed themselves to the divine protection, and went to sleep. The next morning they resumed their labour, and opened every other case and package that had been saved from the wreck; they found more books, four boxes of candles, three casks of rice (good and damaged), and several

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other useful articles, besides many others which were of no value to them.

A chest of tea, and two bags of coffee, which Ready had brought on shore, were, much to their delight, found in good order; but there was no sugar, the little which they had saved having been melted away.

"That's unfortunate, sir. Master Tommy won't like to go without sugar; but it is not absolutely necessary."

"Master Tommy must learn privation, Ready. We cannot expect to get things here, as though we were a hundred yards from a grocer's shop. Now let us go to where we covered up the other articles with sand."

The sand was shovelled up, and the barrels of beef and pork and the deal boards found in good order, but many other things were quite spoiled. About noon they had finished, and as they had plenty of time, Mr. Seagrave took the bearings of the different points of land with the compasses. They then shouldered their muskets, and, Ready taking a few pounds of damaged rice for the fowls, set off on their return.

They gained the house in the bay, and having rested a little while at the storehouse, they proceeded

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on their way to the tents in the meadow. They had about half a mile to go, when Ready heard a noise, and made a sign to Mr. Seagrave to stop. Ready whispering to Mr. Seagrave that the pigs were all close to them, loaded his musket; Mr. Seagrave did the same, and they walked very softly to where they now heard their grunting; they did not see them till they were within twenty yards, and then they came upon the whole herd: the pigs raised their heads; the old ones gave a loud grunt, and then, just as Ready fired his musket, they all set off at full speed. Mr. Seagrave had no opportunity of firing, but Ready had shot one, which lay kicking and struggling under a cocoa-nut tree.

"A piece of fresh pork will be quite a treat, Mr. Seagrave," said Ready, as they walked up to where the animal was lying.

"It will, indeed, Ready," replied Mr. Seagrave; "we must contrive to carry the beast home between us."

"We will sling it on the musket, sir, and it will not be very heavy. It is one of those born on the island, and a very fine fellow for his age."

The pig was soon slung, and they carried it between them. As they cleared the wood, they perceived Mrs. Seagrave and William, who had heard the

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report of the musket, and had come out to meet them. Mrs. Seagrave was a little agitated; but as soon as she saw the pig, she knew why the musket had been fired.

"I was a little alarmed when I heard the musket fired, I must say," said Mrs. Seagrave, as she embraced her husband. "I had no idea that you would be back to-day. We are all quite well."

William took the load from his father, who walked on with Mrs. Seagrave.

"Well, Master William, what news have you?" said Ready.

"Why, very good, Ready. Yesterday evening, when I was tired of work, I thought I would take the boat, and try if there was any fish to be caught on this side of the island, in the deep water, and I caught three large ones, quite different from those we took among the reefs. We had one for breakfast and dinner to-day, and it was excellent."

"Did you go out in the boat by yourself?"

"No; I took Juno with me. Mamma said that she could spare her for an hour or so. She pulls very well, Ready."

"She is a handy girl, Master William. Well, we have had our survey, and there will be plenty of

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work for you and me, I can tell you; I don't think we can bring everything round in a week; so I suppose to-morrow we had better be off. But we must hear what your father says."

"Well, I like boating better than ditching, I can tell you, Ready," replied William. "I shan't be sorry to leave that work to my father."

"I suppose it must fall to him, sir; as he will, of course, prefer staying with Mrs. Seagrave and the children."

As soon as they were at the tents, Ready hung up the pig to the cross pole of the tent in which he and William and Mr. Seagrave slept, and having propped the muskets up against the side of the tent, he went with William to get his knife and some stretchers of wood to open the pig with. While he and William were away, Caroline and Tommy came out to look at the pig, and Tommy, after telling Caroline how glad he was that they were to have roast pig for dinner, took up one of the muskets, and said, "Now, Caroline, I'll shoot the pig."

"Oh! Tommy, you must not touch the gun," cried Caroline; "papa will be very angry; recollect you made it go off when we were at the cove."

"I don't care," replied Tommy. "I'll show you how to shoot the pig."

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"Don't, Tommy," cried Caroline; "if you do, I'll go and tell mamma."

"Then I'll shoot you," replied Tommy, trying to point the musket at her.

Caroline was so frightened that she ran away as fast as she could, and then Tommy, using all his strength, contrived to get the musket up to his shoulder, and pulled the trigger.

It so happened that Tommy had taken up Mr. Seagrave's musket, which had not been fired, and when he pulled the trigger it went off, and as he did not hold it tight to his shoulder, it recoiled, and hit him with the butt right on his face, knocking out two of his teeth, and bruising his cheek very much, besides making his nose bleed very fast.

Tommy was so astonished and frightened at the musket going off, and the blow which he received, that he gave a loud yell, dropped the musket, and ran to the tent where his father and mother were, just as they had started up and had rushed out at hearing the report.

When Mrs. Seagrave saw Tommy all covered with blood, and screaming so loud, she was so alarmed that she could not stand, and she fell fainting in Mr. Seagrave's arms. Ready and William, on hearing the musket go off, had run as fast as they could,

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fearing that some accident had happened; and while Mr. Seagrave supported his wife, Ready went to Tommy, and wiping the blood off his face with the palm of his hand, perceived that there was no wound or serious mischief, and cried out to Mr. Seagrave, "He's not hurt, sir; it's only his nose bleeding. Leave off crying and screaming, you naughty boy. How dare you touch the musket."

"Musket knock me down," cried Tommy, sobbing as the blood ran out of his mouth.

"Serve you right, Master Tommy; you'll take care not to touch the musket again."

"I won't touch it again," cried Tommy, blubbering; "it shoot me."

Juno now came up with some water to wash his face; Mrs. Seagrave had recovered, and gone back into the tent, on Mr. Seagrave telling her that it was only Tommy's nose which was bleeding.

In about half an hour Tommy had ceased crying, and his nose had left off bleeding; his face was washed, and then it was discovered that he had lost two front teeth, and that his cheek and lips were very much bruised. He was undressed and put to bed, and was soon fast asleep.

"I should not have left the muskets," said Ready to William; "it was my fault, but I thought Mr.

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Tommy had been told so often not to touch fire-arms, that he would not have dared to do so; but if there is mischief to be done, he is certain to find it out."

"He pointed it at me, and tried to shoot me," said Caroline, "but I ran away."

"Merciful heavens! what an escape!" cried Mrs. Seagrave. "Had he pulled the trigger then, my dear child would have been killed. Naughty boy that he is."

"He has been well punished this time, madam; and I'll venture to say he will not touch a musket again in a hurry."

"Yes; but he must be punished more," said Mr. Seagrave; "he must remember it."

"Well, sir, if he is to be punished more, I think you cannot punish him better than by not allowing him to have any of the pig when it is cooked. Master Tommy is so fond of his dinner, that it will be the greatest punishment which you can inflict."

"I think so too, Ready; and therefore that is a settled thing—no pig for Master Tommy."

After this conversation they had their supper, and went to bed.

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FOWLS.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE next morning Master Tommy's face presented a very woful appearance. His cheek and lips were swelled and black, and the loss of his two front teeth made him look much worse; fortunately, they were his first teeth, or it would have been of more serious consequence.

Tommy looked very glum when he came to break-

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fast. But he had been very saucy to Juno, telling her that he had shot the pig, and would go out and shoot another, as soon as this one was eaten up.

There was the pig's fry for breakfast, and the smell of it had been very inviting to Tommy; but when his father scolded him, and told him that he was not to have one bit of the pig, he began to cry and roar so loud, that he was sent away from the tents, till he had left off.

After breakfast, Ready proposed that he and William should take the boat and begin their labour of carrying the articles round from the cove to the bay where the house was, pointing out that there was not a day to be lost. Juno had, at his request, already baked a large piece of the pig for them to take with them, and boiled a piece of salt pork, so that they were all ready to start. Mr. Seagrave agreed to work at the hedge and ditch round the yam-plantations during their absence.

"But, Ready," said Mrs. Seagrave, "how long do you intend to remain absent with William?"

"Why, madam, this is Wednesday; of course we shall be back on Saturday night. We must get the work done, and the sooner the better."

"My dear William, I cannot bear the idea of your being absent so long, and as you will be on the

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water every day, I shall be in a continual fright until I see you again."

"Well, mamma, I suppose I must write by the penny post, to let you know how I am."

"Don't laugh at me, William. I do wish there was a penny post, and that you could write every day."

Ready and William made every preparation for a continued absence. They took their blankets with them, and a small pot for cooking, and when all was prepared, they bade Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave farewell. Juno assisted to get the luggage down to the boat. They were now to pull to the bay, and leave their luggage, and then to go round to the cove. As they shoved off, William took the dog Remus into the boat.

"Why do you take the dog, Master William? he will be of use here in keeping the pigs away, but of no use to us."

"Yes he will, Ready; I must take him; for I have an idea come into my head, so let me have my own way."

"Well, Mr. William, you can always have your own way as far as I'm concerned; if you wish to take the dog, there is an end of the matter. Good bye, Juno."

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"Good bye, Massa Ready; good bye, Mr. William; mind you come back Saturday, and bring fish with you."

"We'll bring you a *turtle*, Juno; for they will come to the island again soon, and then we will turn plenty more."

They hoisted the sail, and as the breeze was fresh, were round to the bay in a very short time. They took their provisions and stores up to the house, and made fast the door, called the fowls, and gave them some of the damaged rice which Ready had brought round with him, and found, to their great delight, that they had now upwards of forty chickens, all healthy and doing well; some, indeed, quite grown, and large enough to kill; but as they had plenty of fresh provisions, it had been decided that they should not be touched as yet, for the eggs would be of more value to them than the fowls.

They then got into the boat again, and pulled away for the cove; the wind was fresh, and against them, so they had a long pull; but as Ready observed, it was much better that it should be so, as, when the boat was loaded, they could very quickly sail back again to the bay.

As soon as they arrived at the cove, they lost no time in loading the boat; the nails and iron-work of

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every description, with the twine and tools which Ready had brought on shore, composed the major part of the first cargo; a cask of flour and a box of candles, with some bolts of canvas, filled the boat; and calling Remus, who was lying on the sandy beach at the cove, they shoved off, hoisted their sail, and in an hour had regained the bay, and passed through the reef.

"I'm glad that this cargo has arrived safe, Master William, for it is very valuable to us. Now we will take them all up, and that will be sufficient for to-day; to-morrow, if we can, we will make two trips; do you think you can manage it, sir?"

"Oh! yes; if we only start very early," replied William; "but now let us have our dinner, and carry the remainder of the things up afterwards."

As they were eating their dinner, and William was giving the bones to the dog, Ready said, "Pray, Master William, what was the idea in your head which made you bring Remus with you?"

"I will tell you, Ready; I may be wrong, but I think I am not; I mean him to carry a letter to mamma; you know that he always goes back when he is ordered, and now I wish to see if he will not go back to the tents, if he is told. I have brought a piece of paper and pencil with me."

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William then wrote on the paper,—

"Dear Mamma:—We are quite well, and just returned with the first cargo quite safe.

"Your affectionate Son,

"WILLIAM."

William tied the paper round the dog's neck with a piece of twine, and then calling him out of the house, said to him, "Remus, *go back*, sir—*go back*, sir." The dog looked wistfully at William, as if not sure of what he was to do, but William took up a stone, and pretended to throw it at the dog, who ran away a little distance, and then stopped.

"*Go back*, Remus—*go back*, sir." William again pretended to throw the stone, repeating the order, and then the dog set off as fast as his legs could carry him through the cocoa-nut grove.

"He is gone, at all events," said William; "I think he will go home."

"We shall see, sir," replied Ready; "and now that we have finished our dinner, we will bring up the things."

"Where shall we put them?"

"In the storehouse, Master William. It will

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be a good long job, for those kegs of nails and cases are very heavy, and will require both of us to carry them; so we must make a good many trips. However, we have three or four hours' daylight."

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THE POSTMAN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

As soon as they had carried up the whole of the cargo, they secured the boat, and went up to the house to sleep. Just as they went in, Remus came bounding up to them with the letter round his neck.

"Here's the dog, Master William," said Ready; "he won't go home, after all."

"How provoking; I made sure he would go back; I really am disappointed. We will give him nothing to eat, and then he will; but dear me, Ready, this

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is not the paper I tied round his neck. I think not. Let me see." William took the paper, opened it, and read,

"Dear William:—Your letter arrived safe, and we are glad you are well. Write every day, and God bless you: it was very clever of you and Remus.

"Your affectionate Mother,

"SELINA SEAGRAVE."

"Well, it is very clever," said Ready; "I'm sure I had no idea he had gone; and his coming back again, too, when he was ordered."

"Dear Remus, good dog," said William, caressing it; "nice, good dog: now I'll give you a good supper, for you deserve it."

"So he does, sir. Well, you've established a post on the island, which is a great improvement. Seriously, Mr. William, it may prove very useful."

"At all events, it will be a great comfort to my mother."

"Yes, sir; especially as we shall be obliged all three to be here when we fit up the storehouse, and make the proposed alterations. Now I think we had better go to bed, sir, for we must be up with the lark to-morrow, as they say in England."

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"And here I suppose we must say, up with the parrots; for they are the only land birds on the island."

"You forget the pigeons, sir; I saw one of them in the wood the other day; but they are breeding just now. Good night, sir."

The next morning, they were off before breakfast, and as the wind was not so fresh, they had not so hard a pull. The boat was soon loaded, and they returned under sail. They then breakfasted, and having left the things they had brought on the beach, that they might lose no time, they set off again, and returned with another cargo two hours before dusk; this they landed, and then secured the boat. As soon as they were in the house, William wrote on a piece of paper:—

"Dear Mamma:—We have brought round two cargoes to-day. All well, and very tired.

"Yours,

"WILLIAM."

Remus did not require any teaching this time. William patted him, and said, "Good dog. Now, Remus, go back—go home, sir;" and the dog wagged his tail, and set off immediately.

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Before they were in bed, the dog returned with the answer.

"How fast he must run, Ready; he has not been away more than two hours."

"No, sir. What does mamma say?"

"Only, 'All's well; won't detain your messenger.'"

"So, now, Remus, you shall have plenty of supper, and plenty of patting and coaxing, for you are a clever, good little dog."

The next day, as they had to take the two cargoes up to the house, they could only make one trip to the cove. The post was sent to the tents, and returned with the answer as before.

On Saturday they only made one trip, as they had to return to the tents, which they did by water, having first put a turtle into the boat; on their arrival, they found them all at the little harbour, waiting to receive them.

"Well, William, dear, you did keep your promise and send me a letter by post," said Mrs. Seagrave. "How very delightful it is; I shall have no fear now when you are all away."

"I must teach Romulus and Vixen to do the same, mamma."

"And I'll teach the puppies," said Tommy; "and I'll write letters."

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"Yes, Master Tommy; by the time you can write a letter, the puppies will be old enough to carry it," said Ready. "I see your face is not quite well yet; you won't shoot any more dead pigs, I hope."

"No, I won't; but I'll eat plenty more of the next one that you kill."

"That will be much wiser, Master Tommy. Come, Albert, dear, I'll carry you up; you and I haven't had a game of play for a long while. How does the ditch and hedge get on, Mr. Seagrave?"

"Pretty well, Ready," replied Mr. Seagrave; "I have nearly finished two sides. I think by the end of next week, I shall have pretty well enclosed it."

"Well, sir, you must not work too hard, there is no great hurry; William and I can get through a great deal together."

"It is my duty to work, Ready; and I may add, it is a pleasure. Now we will go to supper."

As they were at supper, the conversation turned upon the cleverness shown by the dog Remus.

Mr. Seagrave then narrated many instances of the sagacity of animals, when William asked the question of his father: "What is the difference then between reason and instinct?"

"The difference is very great, William, as I will explain to you; but I must first observe, that it has

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been the custom to say that man is governed by reason, and animals by instinct, alone. This is an error. Man has instinct as well as reason; and animals, although chiefly governed by instinct, have reasoning powers."

"In what points does man show that he is led by instinct?"

"When a child is first born, William, it acts by instinct only, the reasoning powers are not yet developed; as we grow up, our reason becomes every day more matured, and gains the mastery over our instinct, which decreases in proportion."

"Then, when we have grown to a good old age, I suppose we have no instinct left in us?"

"Not so, my dear boy; there is one and a most powerful instinct implanted in man, which never deserts him on this side of the grave; it is the fear, not of death, but of utter annihilation, that of becoming nothing after death. This instinctive feeling could not have been so deeply implanted in us, but as an assurance that we shall not be annihilated after death, but that our souls shall still exist, although our bodies shall have perished. It may be termed the instinctive evidence of a future existence."

"That is very true, Mr. Seagrave," observed old Ready.

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"Instinct in animals, William," continued Mr. Seagrave, "is a feeling which compels them to perform certain acts without previous thought or reflection; this instinct is in full force at the moment of their birth; it is the guidance of the Almighty's hand unseen; it was therefore perfect in the beginning, and has never varied. The swallow built her nest, the spider its web, the bee formed its comb, precisely in the same way four thousand years ago, as they do now. I may here observe, that one of the greatest wonders of instinct is the mathematical form of the honeycomb of the bee, which has been proved by demonstration to be that by which is given the greatest possible saving of time and labour. The wonders of instinct are chiefly to be observed among those animals which are gregarious, or which live in communities."

"Explain that to me, papa."

"Gregarious animals are those which live in flocks; for instance, take the many varieties of birds—the swallow, the wild fowl, the sea-birds, the rooks, and the crows. The instinct which they show in their migrations from one part of the world to the other, the method of the flight of wild fowl so as to offer the least resistance to the wind, each bird taking his station in the order of flight with a precision

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which could only have been dictated by a secret unerring power: then again, their practice of placing sentinels to watch when they sleep, or give the alarm at the approach of danger. All this is pure instinct, and wonderful; and it is equally to be observed in beasts as in birds."

"And those which live in communities, papa?"

"Such as the ant, the bee, and many other insects, and the beaver among animals. Nothing is more admirable than the precision of their work, their means of communication, and the exact discharge of duty in each individual."

"But that is all pure instinct, papa; now you said that animals had reasoning powers. Will you point out to me how they show that they have?"

"I will, my dear boy; but we had better defer it till another evening. It is time to go to bed. Caroline is asleep, and Tommy is yawning."

"Their instinct and reason are both opposed to me, papa," replied William, laughing, "so I must wait; but I really am most anxious to hear what you have to tell me on the subject."

"And so am I, Master William," replied Ready;

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"but I am not sorry to have time to think about what Mr. Seagrave has already said,—there is much to wonder at."

"There always will be, Ready when we examine the works of God. Good night."

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ELEPHANT, HORSE, AND DOG.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE following day being Sunday, was devoted to the usual religious exercises. Tommy stole away out of the tent, while Mr. Seagrave was reading a sermon, to have a peep at the turtle soup, which was boiling on the fire; however, Juno suspected him, and had hold of him just as he was taking the lid off the pot. He was well scolded, and very much frightened lest he should have no soup for his dinner;

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however, as it was not a very heavy offence, he was forgiven.

In the evening, William requested his father to renew the conversation about the reasoning powers of animals.

"With pleasure, William," replied Mr. Seagrave; "it is a very fit discourse for a Sunday evening. Let us, however, first examine the various mental faculties discoverable in animals. In the first place, they have memory, especially memory of persons and places, quite as tenacious as our own. A dog will recognize an old master after many years' absence. An elephant, who had again escaped into the woods, after twenty years remaining in a wild state, recognized his old mahoot, or driver. A dog will find his way back, when taken more than a hundred miles from his master's residence. The memory of the parrot and cockatoo is also very remarkable. Another proof of memory in animals, were it required, is that they dream. Now, a dream is a confused recollection of past events; and how often do you not hear Romulus and Remus growling, barking, and whining in their sleep?"

"Very true, papa."

"Well, then, they have attention. See how patiently a cat will remain for hours before a hole, in

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watch for the mouse to come out. A spider will remain for months watching for the fly to enter its web; but this quality is to be observed in every animal in the pursuit of its prey. They have also association of ideas, which is, in fact, reasoning. A dog proves that; he will allow a gentleman to come up to the door, but fly at a beggar. When he is in charge of any property, he will take no notice of a passer-by; but if a man stops, he barks immediately. I knew a blood-hound who used to leap on the low wall round the premises when he heard any one outside, and walk abreast of the person until he was clear of the premises. In the elephant this association of ideas is even more remarkable; indeed, he understands what is said to him better than any other animal; his reasoning powers are most extraordinary. Promise him rewards, and he will make wonderful exertion. He is also extremely alive to a sense of shame. The elephants were employed to transport the heavy artillery in India. One of the finest attempted in vain to force a gun through a swamp. 'Take away that lazy beast,' said the director, 'and bring another.' The animal was so stung with the reproach, that it used so much exertion to force the gun on with its head, as to fracture its skull, and it fell dead. When Chunee, the ele-

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phant which was so long in Exeter Change, was ordered, as usual, to take up a sixpence with his trunk, it happened one day that the sixpence rolled against the skirting-board, out of his reach. Chunee stopped, and reflected a little while, and then, drawing the air into his trunk, he threw it out with all his force against the skirting-board; the rebound of the air from the skirting-board blew the sixpence towards him, and he was enabled to reach it."

"That was very clever of him, indeed," replied William.

"Yes; it was a proof of thought, with a knowledge of cause and effect, which latter quality is also to be discovered in many other animals. Animals have also a knowledge of *time*. I knew two spaniels, belonging to a lady, who always accompanied her out in the carriage, when she went for an airing on the week-days; but on Sundays, when she went to church in the carriage, they were, of course, not taken with her. These dogs knew when Sunday came as well as their mistress. If the carriage drove up to the door on a week-day, the two dogs came bounding out, and, as soon as the steps of the carriage were let down, jumped in immediately; but on Sunday they never attempted it, remaining quietly looking on in the hall. There was a curious instance of a horse,

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which, by the bye, I consider the most noble animal of creation, which was ridden round by his master, to deliver newspapers. He invariably stopped at the doors where papers were to be left; but it happened that two people, living at different houses, took in a weekly newspaper between them; and it was agreed, that one should have the first reading of it on one week, and the other on the following. After a short time the horse became accustomed to this arrangement, and stopped at the one house on the one week, and at the other house on the following, never making a mistake."

"That was very curious; what a sagacious animal he must have been," observed William.

"Animals also are, as you know, capable of receiving instruction, which is another proof of reasoning powers. The elephant, the horse, the dog, the pig, even birds may be taught a great deal; canary-birds, for instance, have been exhibited who fire off cannon, pretend to be dead, and play a variety of tricks."

"But then, papa, I still wish to know where the line is to be drawn between reason and instinct."

"I was about to come to that very point, William. When animals follow their instinct in providing their food, the bringing up of their young, and their pre-

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cautions against dangers, they follow certain fixed rules, from which they never deviate. But circumstances may occur against which their instinct can afford them no regular provision; then it is that their reasoning powers are called into action. I will explain this by stating a fact relative to the bee, one of the animals upon which instinct is most powerful in its action. There is a certain large moth, called the Death's-head moth, which is very fond of honey. It sometimes contrives to force its way through the aperture of the hive, and gain an entrance. The bees immediately attack it, and it is soon destroyed by their stings; but the carcase is so large, that they cannot carry it out of the hive, as they invariably do the bodies of the smaller insects which may have intruded, and it appears that their sense of smell is very acute. What, then, do they do to avoid the stench arising from the dead body of this large moth? Why, they embalm it, covering it entirely with wax, by which it no longer becomes offensive to them."

"But, papa, might not their instinct have provided for such an event?" observed William.

"If such an event could have occurred to the bees in their wild state, you certainly might have raised the question; but recollect, William, that bees in their wild state live in the hollows of trees, and that

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the hole by which they enter is never more than sufficiently large to admit one bee at a time; consequently, no animal larger than a bee could gain entrance, and if it did, could of course have been easily removed from the hive; but the bees were here in a new position, in an artificial state, in a hive of straw with a large aperture, and therefore met with an exigence they were not prepared for, and acted accordingly."

"Yes, papa, I perceive the difference."

"Again, a tame elephant in India fell into a deep tank. It was impossible to hoist him out, and he must therefore have perished there; but his driver, knowing how intelligent the animal was, advised that a quantity of large fagots should be tied up and thrown down to the elephant. The animal perfectly well understood what he was to do. He laid one tier of fagots and stood upon them, and as they continued to throw the fagots down, so did he continue to pile them up tier upon tier, standing upon them till they were high enough for him to walk out of the tank. Now here you perceive that there was an exigence wholly unprovided for; an elephant might fall into a tank, but it was left to the animal itself in this case to exercise its own reasoning powers as to how the

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fagots thrown down were to enable him to get out again."

"That elephant certainly did reason, papa. Why, many *men* would not have known what to do with the fagots, if they had not been told."

"It is to be hoped not many, my dear William. I will conclude my observations with one remark. It appears to me, that although the Almighty has thought proper to vary the intellectual and the reasoning powers of animals in the same way that he has varied the species and the forms, yet even in this arrangement He has not been unmindful of the interest and welfare of man. For you will observe, that the reasoning powers are chiefly, if not wholly, given to those animals which man subjects to his service, and for his use—the elephant, the horse, and the dog; thereby making these animals of more value, as the powers given to them are at the service and under the control of man."

"That is a beautiful wind-up, Mr. Seagrave, and it's as true as it's beautiful," observed Ready. "It may well be said, 'He is gracious in all things.'"

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THE BOAT TOWING TIMBER.

CHAPTER XX.

On the Monday morning, William and Ready went away in the boat, as before, to bring round the various articles from the cove. It had been arranged that they were not to return till the Saturday evening, and that the dog Remus was to bring intelligence of them and their welfare every afternoon. They worked hard during the week, and on Saturday they had completed their task ; with the exception of a portion

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of the timbers of the ship, everything had been brought round, but had not been carried up to the storehouse, as that required more time.

On Saturday morning, they went for the last time to the cove, and Ready selected some heavy oak timber out of the quantity which was lying on the beach, part of which they put into the boat, and the remainder they towed astern. It was a heavy load, and although the wind was fair to sail back again to the bay, the boat went but slowly through the water.

"Well, Master William," said Ready, "we have done a good week's work, and I must say it is high time that it is done; for the boat is in rather a crazy condition, and I must contrive to patch her up by-and-by, when there is time."

"We shall not want to use her very much after this, Ready," replied William; "a few trips round to the little harbour will be all that will be required before we come back again to our old quarters."

"That's true, Master William; but she leaks very much, and at all events I'll give her a coat of pitch as soon as possible. For a slight-built little thing as she is, she has done hard duty."

"Pray, Ready, why, when you speak of a ship or boat, do you always call it *she?*"

"Well, Master William, I don't know why, but it

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is certain that we sailors always do so. I believe it is because a sailor loves his ship. His ship is his wife, is a very common saying with us; and then you see, Master William, a vessel is almost a thing of life in appearance: she sits like a duck on the water, and when it is calm, she rolls to and fro like a lazy person; make sail on her, and she flies through the water as if she were a porpoise or a dolphin; press her with too much canvass, and she complains; and when buffeted by the tempest, she groans like one who suffers. So that being to us sailors a sort of living thing, and we being fond of her, we call her *she;* I suppose, because a man gets fonder of a woman than any other thing that's living. I believe that's the reason, and of course if a vessel is she, a little boat must be a she also."

"Well, I think you have explained it very well, Ready. I suppose on Monday we shall set to at the storehouse, and alter it for our future residence?"

"Can't begin too soon, Master William," replied Ready; "I don't doubt but Mr. Seagrave has finished the hedge and ditch round the yams by this time, and if so, I expect that Madam will not like to be left in the tents alone with Juno and the children, and so we shall all move back to the house again until we have altered the storehouse; I must say

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that I would rather that your mamma should remain in the tents until all was finished."

"Because you are afraid of a visit from the savages, Ready?"

"I am, sir, and that's the truth."

"But, Ready, if they do come, we shall see them coming, and would it not be better that we should all be together, even if we are obliged to conceal ourselves in consequence of not being prepared? Suppose the savages were to overrun the island, and find my mother, my little brother and sister, defenceless, at the time we were obliged to retreat from our house; how dreadful that would be!"

"But, Master William, I counted upon retreating to the tents."

"So we can altogether, Ready, unless we are surprised in the night."

"That we must take care not to be. There's not three hours' dark in this season of the year. Well, Master William, I doubt not you may be right, and if they are all with us, Juno will be a great help, and we shall get through our work the faster."

"We had better let the question be decided by my father and mother."

"Very true, Master William; here's the point at last. We will haul the timber on the beach,

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and then be off as fast as we can, for it is getting late."

It was, indeed, much later than they had usually arrived at the little harbour, owing to the heavy load, which made the boat so long in coming round from the cove; and when they pulled in, they found Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave and the children all down, waiting for them.

"You are very late, William, dear," said Mrs. Seagrave. "I was quite uneasy till I saw the boat at a distance."

"Yes, mamma; but we could not help it; we had a heavy load to bring round; and now our work is done."

"I am delighted to hear it, William; for I cannot bear you being away so long."

"And my work is done," said Mr. Seagrave; "the hedge and ditch were finished this morning."

"Well, then," observed Ready, "we must hold another council, but I presume it will not take very long."

"No; I expect not; it seldom does when people are of the same mind. Mrs. Seagrave won't be left here, Ready, and I don't want to leave her, so I presume on Monday we all start home again."

"Yes, sir, if you please," replied Ready.

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"Juno, I hope you have a good supper," said William; "for I'm very hungry."

"Yes, Massa William; plenty fried fish; Massa catch 'em this morning."

"I like turtle-soup," said Tommy.

"I believe you like everything, Master Tommy," replied Ready, "except castor-oil beans. You won't eat any more of them."

"No, that I won't; but I'll eat the bananas when they are ripe."

"You would have eaten them before, if you could have reached them, I think; but you must grow a little taller first."

"I shall be a man by-and-by," said Tommy.

"I hope you will, and a good man too," replied old Ready; "but now I must help Juno in getting the supper underway."

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WILD ASS.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE next day being Sunday, was a day of repose, and as they had all worked so hard, they felt the luxury of a day of rest. In the afternoon, they agreed that on Monday they should make every preparation for quitting the tents, and returning to the house at the bay. They decided that the live stock should all be left there, as the pasturage was so plentiful and good, with the exception of one goat, which they would take

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back with them, to supply them with milk ; and they also agreed that the tents should be left standing, with some cooking utensils, that in case William and Ready went round for the bananas or yams, or to examine the live stock, they should not be compelled to sleep in the open air, and should have the means of dressing their dinner. William and Ready were to carry the beds, &c., round to the bay in the boat, which they could do in two trips, and Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave, with the family, were to walk through the woods, after taking a very early breakfast.

All these points being arranged, they had finished their supper, when William again brought up the conversation about animals, as he was delighted to hear Mr. Seagrave talk on the subject. The conversation had not commenced more than a few minutes, when William said—

"Papa, they always say, 'as stupid as an ass.' Is an ass such a stupid animal?"

"No, William, it is a very sagacious one ; but the character has been given to the animal more on account of its obstinacy and untractableness than on any other account. It is usual to say, as stupid as an ass, or as stupid as a pig, or a goose. Now, these three animals are very much maligned, for they are all sagacious animals. But the fact is that, as re-

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gards the ass, we have only very sorry specimens of the animal in England; they are stunted and small, and, from want of corn and proper food, besides being very ill treated, are slow and dull-looking animals. The climate of England is much too cold for the ass; in the south of France and the Mediterranean, where it is much warmer, the ass is a much finer animal; but to see it in perfection we must go to the Torrid Zone in Guinea, right on the equator, the hottest portion of the globe, where the ass in its native state and in its native country is a handsome creature, and as fleet as the wind; indeed, supposed to be, and mentioned in the Scriptures as the fleetest animal in creation. Xenophon, in his writings, says, that they chased the wild asses, but that none of the horses could come up with them. The fact is, that in Asia, especially in Palestine and Syria, asses were in great repute, and used in preference to horses. We must see an animal in its own climate to form a true estimate of its value."

"Does climate, then, make so great a difference?" said William.

"Of course it does, not only with animals, but with trees, plants, and even man, until he is accustomed to the change. The lascar, or native seaman of India, is full of life and vigour in the warm and

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sunny Indian seas, but as soon as he enters the English Channel, and blows his fingers from the cold, he becomes inert, useless, and timid; in fact a miserable creature; and the ships would often be lost, if it were not for the proportion of English seamen on board. With respect to animals, there are some which can bear the different varieties of climate, and even change of food. The horse, for instance, although originally indigenous to Arabia, lives as well in the Temperate, and even in the Frigid Zones it may be said, for they endure the hard winters of Russia and North America; so will domestic cattle, such as cows, sheep, pigs, &c. It is a curious fact that, during the winter in Canada, a large proportion of the food of cattle consists of *fish.*"

"Fish! papa. Cows eat fish?"

"Yes, my dear boy, such is the fact. It is a remarkable instance of a graminivorous or grass-eating animal being changed for a time into a carnivorous, or flesh-eating, or rather into a piscivorous, or fish-eating animal. Those are hard words, William, derived from the Latin, and I therefore explain them. But there are other animals which can live under any temperature, as the wolf, the fox, the hare, and rabbit. It is a curious provision,—evidently showing that it was intended they should propagate in all cli-

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mates,—that the sheep and goats in the hottest climates throw off their warm covering of wool, and retain little better than hair; while, removed to a cold climate, they recover their warm covering immediately."

"But a goat has no wool, papa."

"What are Cashmere shawls made of, William?"

"Very true, papa."

"Most animals have a certain increase of covering, as they recede further from the warm climates to the cold ones. Wolves and foxes, hares and rabbits, change the colour of their skins to white when they get far north. The little English stoat, which is destroyed by the gamekeepers, and nailed up against the barn, becomes the beautiful snow-white ermine in Russia and other cold countries."

"Well, papa, I think it a great advantage to man, and a proof of the Almighty's care of him, and kindness to him, in permitting all the animals most useful to him to be able to live in any country; but I don't know whether I am wrong in saying so, papa: I cannot see why an animal like the wolf should not have been kept to his own climate, like the lion and tiger, and other ferocious animals."

"You have started a question, William, which I am glad you have done, rather than it should have remained on your mind and puzzled you. It is true

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that the shepherd might agree with you, that the wolf is a nuisance; equally true that the husbandman may exclaim, What is the good of thistles, and the various weeds which choke the soil? But, my dear boy, if they are not—which I think they are—for the benefit of man, at all events they are his doom, for the first transgression. 'Cursed is the ground for thy sake—thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee—and by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread,' was the Almighty's sentence; and it is only by labour that the husbandman can obtain his crops, and by watchfulness that the shepherd can guard his flocks. If it were otherwise, the seed might be sown and the sheep led to pasture, and after that the husbandman and shepherd might both sleep. Labour, however, is in itself a benefit; without exercise there would be no health, and without health there would be no enjoyment."

"I see now, papa, and I thank you for the explanation. You have mentioned the animals which can live in all climates; will you not tell us something about other animals?"

"There is but one remark to make, William, which is, that animals indigenous to, that is originally to be found in, any one portion of the globe, invariably are so fashioned as to be most fit for that country, and

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have the food also most proper for them growing or to be obtained in that country. Take, for instance, the camel, an animal fashioned expressly for the country to which he is indigenous, and without whose aid all communication must have been stopped between Asia and Africa. He is called the 'Ship of the Desert;' for the desert is a 'sea of sand.' His feet are so fashioned that he can traverse the sands with facility; he can live upon the coarsest vegetable food and salt plants which are found there, and he has the capacity of carrying water in a sort of secondary stomach, for his own supply, where no water is to be found. Here is an animal wonderfully made by the Almighty for an express locality, and for the convenience of man in that country; for, in England, or elsewhere, he would be of no value."

"There are many animals, papa, which are of no use to man."

"Many, my dear boy, which are apparently so, and many which are destructive to him; but that is a portion of our sentence, and we are permitted to extirpate and destroy them when they endanger or incommode us,—as we do the thistle in the field. But if they are of no use to us, they add to the variety and beauty of nature, and show the immensity of the Creator. You saw the giraffe before you left England. Now

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that animal is most peculiarly formed. It lives in its native Africa upon the leaves and branches of the mimosa-tree, and if it had not such a long neck and such height of shoulder, it would not be able to reach its food. The mimosa-tree is not fed upon by any other animal; so it would appear as if this animal were fashioned on purpose to live upon that tree. But the animal and the tree both add to the variety and to the beauty of nature, and occupy a portion of territory at present not required by man. The Almighty has filled the earth with living things: as long as they do not interfere with man, they enjoy their portion of it in peace and quiet. As soon as man requires the territory, as they were made for his use and to be subservient to him, they must retrograde away from him, or be destroyed by him. Such is the will of a great and a beneficent Creator. But it is late, my dear William; so we will first thank Him for all His mercies, and then to bed."

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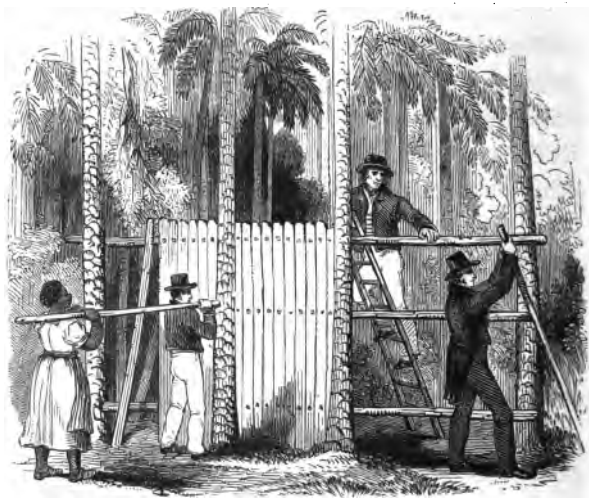

ERECTING THE STOCKADE.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE next morning was one of bustle; there was packing up and every preparation for departure. Juno was called here and called there, and was obliged to ask little Caroline to look after the kettle and call to her if it boiled over. Master Tommy, as usual, was in every one's way, and doing more harm than good in his attempts to assist; but, however, as he meant well, nobody scolded him.

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At last, Ready, to get rid of him, sent him down with a large bundle to the beach. Tommy shouldered it with great importance, but when he came back, looking rather warm with the exertion, and Ready asked him to take down another, he said he was too tired, and sat down very quietly till breakfast-time, before which everything was ready.

Mrs. Seagrave and Juno packed up the breakfast and dinner things in a basket after breakfast was over, and then Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave and the family set off on their journey, accompanied by the dogs, through the cocoa-nut grove. Little Albert could now walk very well, and only required to be occasionally carried by Juno, who led him by the hand. Caroline walked by her papa and mamma, and Master Tommy was too independent to walk with any one.

William and Ready lost no time in getting through their work; the crockery, kitchen utensils, tables, and chairs, were the first articles put into the boat. The goat was then led down, and they set off with a full load, and arrived at the bay long before the party who were walking through the wood. They landed the things on the beach, and then shoved off again to bring round the bedding, which was all that was left. By three o'clock in the afternoon they had ar-

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rived at the bay with their second and last load, and found that the other party had been there about an hour, and Mr. Seagrave and Juno were very busy taking the articles up from the beach.

"Well, Master William," said Ready, "this is our last trip for some time, I expect; and so much the better, for our little boat must have something done to her as soon as I can find time."

"Yes, indeed, Ready, she has done her work well. Do you know I feel as if I were coming home, now that we are back to the bay. I little thought that I ever should consider any part of this island as my home. I really feel quite glad that we have left the tents. I found the pigeons among the peas, Ready; so we must pick them as soon as we can. They have increased very much; I think there were near twenty of them. We shall have pigeon-pies next year, I expect," replied William.

"If it pleases God that we live and do well," replied Ready, who had his eyes fixed upon the sea.

Before night everything was in its place again in the house, and as comfortable as before, and as they were very tired, they went very early to bed, having first arranged what they should do in the morning. Mrs. Seagrave said that she could attend to the cookery and the children, and that Juno was at their ser-

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vice, if they required her. At daylight, Ready and William went down to the turtle-pond and speared a turtle, for now the time was coming on for turning the turtle again, and the pond would soon be filled. Having cut it up and put a portion of it into the pot, all ready for Mrs. Seagrave, as soon as breakfast was over, they proceeded to the storehouse in the grove.

After a little consultation with Mr. Seagrave, Ready marked out a square of cocoa-nut trees surrounding the storehouse, so as to leave a space within them of about twenty yards each side, which they considered large enough for the enclosure. These cocoa-nut trees were to serve as the posts, between which were to be fixed other cocoa-nut trees cut down, and about fourteen feet high, so as to form a palisade or stockade, which could not be climbed over, and would protect them from any attack of the savages.

As soon as the line of trees had been marked out, they set to work cutting down all the trees within the line, and then outside to a distance of ten yards, so as to give them room for their work. Ready cut out cross-pieces, to nail from tree to tree, and now they found the advantage of having saved so many of the large spike nails, without which they never could have made so good or so quick a job of it. Mr.

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Seagrave cut down trees, William and Juno sawed them off at a proper length with one of the cross-cut saws, and then carried them to Ready. They soon had more cut out than he could use, and then they dragged away the tops and branches, and piled them at a distance on the ground, to use as winter fuel, while Mr. Seagrave helped Ready in fixing up the palisades. They worked very hard that day, and were not sorry to go to bed. Ready, however, took an opportunity to speak to William.

"I think, sir," said he, "that now we are here again, it will be necessary to keep a sort of night-watch, in case of accident. I shall not go to bed till it is quite dark, which it will be by nine o'clock, and shall have my glass to examine the offing the last thing. You see, sir, there is little fear of the savages coming here in the night-time, but they may just before night, or very early in the morning, so one of us must be up again before daybreak, that is, between two and three o'clock in the morning, to see if there is anything to be seen of them; if there is not, of course we may go to bed again, as they cannot arrive till many hours afterwards; and we must watch the wind and weather, if it is favourable for them to come to us, which, indeed, the wind will not be ex-

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cept at the commencement of the rainy season ; but it may be very light, and then they would not care for its being against them. I've been thinking of it, Master William, a great deal, and my idea is, that it will be at the beginning of the rainy season that we shall have a visit, if we have one at all ; for you see that the wind don't blow regular from one quarter, as it does now, but is variable, and then they can make sail in their canoes, and come here easily, instead of pulling between thirty and forty miles, which is hard work against wind and current. Still, Master William, we must not be careless, and we must keep a good look-out even now. I don't want to fret your father and Mrs. Seagrave with my fears on the subject, but I tell you what I really think, and what we ought to do."

"I agree with you, Ready, and I will take care to be up before daybreak, and examine very carefully with the spy-glass as soon as the day dawns. You take the night part, and I will do the morning part of the watching."

"Very well, Master William ; for the matter of that, I could do both myself, but I think if you were to get up in the morning they would not notice it so

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much; as for my staying out at night, that they are accustomed to."

After this conversation, they separated, and from that time forward William and Ready were continually on the look-out, from dawn of day till it was too dark to distinguish anything.

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READY AND TOMMY IN THE BOAT.

CHAPTER XXIII.

For nearly a fortnight, the work upon the stockade continued without any intermission, when a circumstance occurred which created the greatest alarm and excitement. One day, as the party returned to dinner, Mrs. Seagrave said with surprise, "Why, was not Tommy with you?"

"No," replied Mr. Seagrave; "he has not been

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near us all day; he went with us after breakfast, but did not remain a quarter of an hour."

"No, Missy; I tell Massa Tommy to help carry cocoa-nut leaves, and then he go away directly."

"Goodness! where can he be?" exclaimed Mrs. Seagrave, alarmed.

"I dare say he is picking up shells on the beach, Ma'am," replied Ready, "or perhaps he is in the garden. I will go and see."

"I will go with you, Ready," said William.

"I see him—oh, mercy!—I see him," said Juno, pointing with her finger; "he in the boat, and boat go to sea."

It was but too true: there was Tommy in the boat, and the boat had drifted from the beach, and was now a cable's length away from it, among the breakers of the reef.

William ran off like the wind, followed close by Mr. Seagrave and Ready, and at a distance by Mrs. Seagrave and Juno, the former dreadfully alarmed; indeed there was no time to be lost, for the wind was off the shore, and in a short time the boat would have been out to sea.

William, as soon as he arrived at the beach, threw off his hat and jacket, and dashed into the water. He was already up to his middle, when old Ready,

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who had followed him, caught him by the arm and said,—

"Master William, go back immediately. I insist upon it. Your going can do no good, as you do not understand the thing so well as I do; and go I will; so there will be double risk for nothing. Mr. Seagrave, order him back. He will obey you. I insist upon it, sir."

"William," said Mr. Seagrave, "come back immediately, I command you."

William obeyed; but before he was clear of the water, old Ready had swum across to the first rocks on the reef, and was now dashing through the pools between the rocks, towards the boat.

"Oh! father," said William, "if that good old man is lost, I shall never forgive myself. I almost feel as if I did wrong to obey you. Look, father, one—two—three sharks, here close to us. He has no chance. See, he is again in deep water. God protect him!—O God! hear my prayer."

In the mean time, Mr. Seagrave, whose wife was now by his side, and who was shuddering at the scene, after glancing his eye a moment at the sharks, which were within a few feet of the beach, had kept his gaze steadily upon Ready's movements. If he passed through the passage of deep water between the

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rocks, he might be considered safe, as the boat was now beating on a reef on the other side, where the water was shallow. It was a moment of intense anxiety. At last Ready had gained the reef, and had his hands upon the rocks, and was climbing on them.

"He is safe, is he not?" whispered Mrs. Seagrave, faintly.

"Yes, now I think he is," replied Mr. Seagrave, as Ready had gained a footing on the rocks, where the water was but a little above his ancles. "I think there is no deep water between him and the boat."

In another minute Ready was over the rocks and had seized the gunnel of the boat.

"He is in the boat," cried William. "Thank God!"

"Yes; we must thank God, and that fervently," replied Mr. Seagrave. "Look at those monsters," continued he, pointing to the sharks; "how quick they swim to and fro: they have scented their prey on the water. William, it is fortunate they are here: they might have been out there, when Ready passed through the deep water."

"Yes, indeed, papa. See, he has the boat-hook, and is pushing the boat off the reef into the deep water. Oh! he is quite safe now."

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Such, however, was not the case. The boat had been beating on the rocks of the reef, and had knocked a hole in her bottom, and as soon as Ready had forced the boat into deep water, she began to fill immediately. Ready pushed as hard as he could with the boat-hook, and tearing off his neckcloth, forced as much as he could of it into the hole. This saved them; but the boat was up to the thwarts with water, and the least motion on the part of Ready, or even Tommy, would have upset her immediately, and they had still to pass the deep water between the reef and the beach, where the sharks were swimming. Ready, who perceived his danger, called out to them to throw large stones at the sharks as fast as they could, to drive them away. This was immediately done by Mr. Seagrave and William, aided by Juno and Mrs. Seagrave, who found courage in this present instance.

The pelting of the stones had the desired effect. The sharks swam away, and Ready passed through to the beach, and the boat grounded just as she was up to the gunnel in water, and about to turn over. He handed out Master Tommy, who was so dreadfully frightened, that he could not cry, but remained as pale as a sheet, and his mouth and eyes wide open.

As soon as Ready landed, William sprung into his arms, crying, "Thank God you are safe, Ready."

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Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave each took his hand and shook it heartily. At last, Mrs. Seagrave, overpowered by her feelings, sank her head upon William's shoulder, and burst into tears. Juno, after smiling at Ready, took Tommy by the hand, and led him away, saying, "Come along, you nasty, naughty boy. You get fine whipping to-night, soon as all the work is over." Whereupon Tommy set up a miserable howling, which he never left off until long after he was in the house.

"It was touch and go, Master William," observed Ready, as they walked up to the house, preceded by Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave. "How much mischief may be created by a thoughtless boy! However, one can't put old heads on young shoulders, and so Master Tommy must be forgiven."

"He has been punished enough, as far as fright goes," replied William; "I'll answer for it, he'll never get into the boat again by himself."

"No, I think not; but now, Master William, you saw how nearly I was swamped in the boat; indeed, it was only by His mercy that I was preserved; but taking the question merely as far as our endeavours could help us, do you think that if you had gained the boat instead of me, you would have brought her to the beach as I did?"

"No, Ready; for I never should have thought of

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taking off my neckcloth to put into the hole, I'm afraid; but even if I had, I never could have managed her so skilfully as you did, and therefore I must have been swamped before I got on shore."

"Well, Master William, as I am an old sailor and you are not, therefore it is not vanity which makes me say that you could not have managed the boat so well as I did. Now, as I had not three or four seconds to spare, you, as you say, must have been swamped. I mention this to prove to you that I was right in desiring your father to order you back."

"Certainly, Ready; but Tommy is my brother, and I felt that it was more my duty than yours to risk my life for him."

"A very proper feeling, Master William; but you have other duties, which are, to look after your father and mother, and be a comfort and solace to them. Your life is more valuable than mine. I am an old man on the brink of the grave, and a year or two makes no difference; but your life is, I hope, of more consequence. What would have been the agony and distress, and, I may say, continual source of future regret to your parents, had you perished before their eyes by so horrible a death! They never would have smiled again."

"And do you not think that their regret would

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have been as great, if you had perished in the same way?"

"I do not know but that at first it would have been very painful to them, but time would have made them forget it, and poor Tommy, too, would have been a source of deep sorrow; but to lose two sons, and their eldest now grown up, you may say, it would have been hard, very hard to bear, and nothing but the sincere religion of your parents could have brought them to submit with resignation. But here we are at the house, so let us say no more about it."

That evening the prayers were more than usually solemn, and the thanksgivings more heartfelt and sincere. Exhausted with the exciting scene of the day, they all retired early to bed.

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NEW HOUSE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

When Tommy was questioned on the following morning as to his inducement to get into the boat, to their great surprise he replied, that he wanted to go round to the tents again, to see if the bananas were ripe; that he intended to eat some of them and be back before dinner-time, that he might not be found out.

"I suspect, Master Tommy, you would have been

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very hungry before you ate any bananas if we had not perceived you," said Ready.

"I won't go into the boat any more," said Tommy.

"I rather think you will keep to that resolution, Tommy," replied Mr. Seagrave; "however, I must leave your mother to point out to you the danger you were in yourself, and in which you placed others by your folly. It is time for us to go to work."

The stockade was now almost finished; the door was the occasion of a good deal of consultation; at last, it was agreed that it would be better to have a door of stout oak plank, but with second door-posts inside, about a foot apart from the door, between which could be inserted short poles one above the other, so as to barricade it within when required. This would make the door as strong as any other portion of the stockade. As soon as this was all complete, the storehouse was to be altered for a dwelling-house, by taking away the wattles of cocoa-nut boughs on the sides, and filling them up with logs of cocoa-nut trees.

Before the week was ended, the stockade and door were complete, and they now began to fell trees, to form the sides of the house. This was rapid work; and while Mr. Seagrave, William, and Juno felled

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the trees, and brought them on the wheels to the side of the stockade, all ready cut to their proper lengths, Ready was employed in flooring the house with a part of the deal planks which they had brought round from the cove. But this week they were obliged to break off for two days, to collect all their crops from the garden : as soon as this was done, they again set to work.

A fortnight more passed away in continual hard work, but the house was at last finished, and very complete, compared to the one they were residing in. It was much larger, and divided into three rooms by the deal planking : the middle room which the door opened into was the sitting and eating-room, with a window behind : the two side-rooms were sleeping-rooms, one for Mrs. Seagrave and the children, and the other for the male portion of the family. This made it much more comfortable and complete.

"See, Master William," said Ready, when they were alone, "what we have been able to do by means of those deal planks ; why, to have floored this house, and run up the partitions, would have taken us half a year, if we had had to saw the wood."

"Yes, and what a comfort it is to have so many shelves about. When shall we shift into this house ?"

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"The sooner the better, Master William. We have plenty of work still to do, but we can work outside of the stockade."

"And what do you propose to do with the old house?" said William.

"We had better put some of our stores of least value in it for the present, until we can fit up another storehouse inside the stockade."

"Then we'll put those casks in, for they take up a great deal of room."

"All but that large one, Master William; we shall want that; I shall fix it up in a corner."

"What for, Ready?"

"To put water in, Master William."

"But we are closer to the spring than we were at the other house."

"I know that; but, perhaps, we may not be able to go out of the stockade, and then we shall want water."

"I understand, Ready; how thoughtful you are."

"If at my age I did not think a little, Master William, it would be very odd. You don't know how anxious I am to see them all inside of this defence, William. I shall not be happy until they are."

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"But why should we not come in, Ready?"

"Why, sir, as there is still plenty of work, I do not like to press the matter, lest your mamma should be fidgeted, and think there was danger; but, Master William, danger there is; I have a kind of forewarning of it. It weighs on my mind, and I can't shake it off. I wish you would propose that they should come in at once; the standing bed-places are all ready, except the canvass, and I shall nail on new by to-night."

In consequence of this conversation, William proposed at dinner-time that the next day they should go into the new house, as it was so much more handy to work there and live there at the same time. Mr. Seagrave was of the same opinion, but Mrs. Seagrave thought it better that everything should be tidy first.

"Why, Ma'am," said Ready, "the only way to get things tidy is to go yourself, and make them so. Nothing will ever be in its place unless you are there to put it in."

"Well, Ready," said Mrs. Seagrave, "since you are against me as well as all the rest, I give up, and if you please we will shift over to-morrow."

"Indeed, Ma'am, I think it will be better; this is the last month of fine weather, and we shall have

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plenty to do. We shall get on much faster if we go there."

"Be it so, Ready; you are the best judge; to-morrow we will take up our quarters in the stockade."

"Thank God!" muttered old Ready very softly. William only, who was next to him, heard what he said.

The next day was fully employed in changing their residence, and shifting over the bedding and utensils; and that night they slept within the stockade. Ready had run up a very neat little out-house of plank, as a kitchen for Juno, and another week was fully employed as follows: the stores were divided; those of least consequence, and the salt provisions, flour, and the garden produce, &c., were put into the old house; the casks of powder and most of the cartridges were also put there for security; but a cask of beef, of pork, and flour, all the iron-work and nails, canvass, &c., were stowed away for the present under the new house, which had, when built as a storehouse, been raised four feet from the ground to make a shelter for the stock. This was very spacious, and, of course, quite dry, and contained all they wished to put in. Ready also took care, by degrees, to fill the large water-butt full of water, and had fixed into the bottom a spigot for drawing the water off.

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"Well, Mr. Seagrave," said Ready on the Saturday, "we have done a good many hard weeks' work lately; but this is the last of them. We are now comfortably settled in our new house: our stores are all under cover, and safe from the weather, and so we may now take things a little easier. William and I must go and turn some turtle if we can, for the season is getting late for them, and I must repair the boat, so that we may take a trip round to examine how the stock and yams get on."

"And the bananas and the guavas," said Tommy.

"Why, we have quite forgotten all about them," observed Mrs. Seagrave.

"Yes, Ma'am; we have been so busy, that it is no wonder; however, there may be some left yet, and I will go round as soon as the boat is able to swim, and bring all I can find."

"We must put our seeds and potatoes in before the rainy season, Ready."

"It will be better, sir, if we can find time, as we shall not have much more fine weather now; at all events, we can get them in at intervals when the weather is fine; now I shall go my rounds for turtle. Good night, Ma'am—good night, sir. Come, Master William."

William and Ready went down to the beach, but

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meeting Juno coming from the kitchen, Ready desired her to collect as much fuel as she could, and stack it up in a corner inside of the stockade, as it would be more handy.

"Yes, Massa Ready," replied Juno; "I understand; nothing like being all ready case of accident."

"Exactly so, Juno," replied William. "Good night."

William and Ready succeeded in turning six more turtles to add to their stock, and having taken a careful survey with the telescope, they came back, fastened the door of the stockade, and went to bed.

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CANOES COMING TO THE ISLAND.

CHAPTER XXV.

ANOTHER week passed away, during which Ready repaired the boat, and William and Mr. Seagrave were employed in digging up the garden. It was also a very busy week at the house, as they had not washed linen for some time. Mrs. Seagrave and Juno, and even little Caroline, were hard at work, and Master Tommy was more useful than ever he had been, going for the water as they required it, and

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watching little Albert. Indeed, he was so active, that Mrs. Seagrave praised him before his papa, and Master Tommy was quite proud.

On the Monday, William and Ready set off in the boat to the little harbour, and found all the stock doing well, and promising to increase. Many of the bananas and guavas had ripened and withered, but there were enough left to fill the boat half full. The yams had not been broken in upon by the pigs, and the tents were in good order.

"We cannot do better than to leave the stock where it is at present, Master William; they can run into the cocoa-nut grove for shelter if there is a storm, and there is feed enough for ten times as many."

"I think so too."

"But in a few days we must come round again for the tents; we must not leave them here the whole rainy season. Now, sir, shall we go back?"

"Yes; at all events, Tommy will be delighted with our cargo. But will you not dig up a few yams first?"

"I had quite forgotten it, Master William. I will go for the spade; we left one in the nearest tent."

Having procured the yams, they set off on their

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return. Before they arrived at the bay, the sky clouded over, and threatened a storm. It did not, however, rain till after they had landed, when a smart shower announced the commencement of the rainy season. The fruit was very welcome to all of them, it was so long since they had tasted any; but Tommy was ravenous to obtain it; he could not eat it fast enough to please himself, and Mr. Seagrave was compelled to prevent him from eating any more.

The following day was beautifully fine, and everything appeared refreshed by the rain which had fallen. It was, however, agreed that Ready and William should go round the next morning, bring home the tents, and as many yams as the boat could carry. William and Ready went out at night as usual, when Ready observed that the wind had chopped round to the eastward.

"That will be bad for us to-morrow, Ready," replied William. "We may sail to the harbour, but we shall have to pull back with the loaded boat."

"I trust it will be no worse than that, at all events," replied Ready; "but we must now return, and go to bed. I shall be up by daylight, so you need not wake without you like."

"I can't help waking," replied William, "and I shall, therefore, be up with you."

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"Very well, sir, I am always glad of your company."

The next morning, just before the day dawned, Ready and William unfastened the door of the stockade, and went down to the beach. The wind was still to the eastward, and blowing rather fresh, and the sky was cloudy. As the sun rose, Ready, as usual, had his telescope with him, and looked through it at the offing to the eastward. As he kept the spy-glass to his eye for some time without speaking, William said—

"Do you see anything, Ready, that you look so long in that direction?"

"Either my old eyes deceive me, or I fear that I do," replied Ready; "but a few minutes more will decide."

There was a bank of clouds on the horizon to the eastward; but as soon as the sun had risen above them, Ready, who had the telescope fixed in the same direction, said—

"Yes, Master William, I am right. I thought that those dark patches I saw were their brown grass sails."

"Sails of what, Ready?" said William, hastily.

"Of the Indian canoes, Master William: I knew that they would come. Take the glass, and look your-

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self, Master William; my eye is quite dim from straining it so long."

"Yes, I have them now," replied William, with his eye to the glass; he at last said—

"Why, there are twenty or thirty of them, Ready, at least."

"And each with twenty or thirty men in them too, Master William."

"Good heaven! What must we do, Ready? How frightened my poor mother will be. I'm afraid we can do nothing against such a number."

"Yes, William, we can do a great deal, and we must do a great deal. That there are hundreds of savages, there is no doubt; but recollect that we have a stockade, which they cannot easily climb over, and plenty of fire-arms and ammunition, so that we can make a good fight of it, and perhaps beat them off, for they have nothing but clubs and spears."

"How fast they come down, Ready; why they will be here in an hour."

"No, sir, nor in two hours either; those are very large canoes. However, there is no time to be lost. While I watch them for a few minutes till I make them more clearly out, do you run up to the house and beckon your father to come down to me; and then, Master William, get all the muskets ready, and bring

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the casks of powder, and of made-up cartridges, from the old house into the stockade. Call Juno, and she will help you. We shall have time enough to do everything. After you have done that, you had better come down and join us."

In a very few minutes after William ran up to the house, Mr. Seagrave made his appearance.

"Ready, there is danger, I'm sure; William would not tell me, I presume, because he was afraid of alarming his mother. What is it?"

"It is, Mr. Seagrave, that the savages are now coming down upon us in large force; perhaps five or six hundred of them; and that we shall have to defend ourselves with all our might and main."

"Do you think we have any chance against such a force?"

"Yes, sir; with God's help I have no doubt but that we shall beat them off; but we must fight hard, and for some days, I fear."

Mr. Seagrave examined the fleet of canoes with the glass. "It is, indeed, dreadful odds to contend against."

"Yes, sir; but three muskets behind a stockade are almost a match for all their clubs and spears, provided none of us are wounded."

"Well, Ready, we must put our trust in the Lord,

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and do our best; I will second you to the utmost of my power, and William, I'm sure, will do his duty. I have, indeed, much to fight for, a wife and family; but you, Ready, have no such ties."

"No, sir; but I shall fight for my life, which, although not worth much, I do not wish to lose by their hands; and I shall fight for you and the family too, sir, for I am attached to you all, and there's an end of the business. I think, sir, we had better not wait here any more, as we have not long to prepare for them. We have only to fix up some of our strong deal planks on the inside of the stockade for us to stand upon when we are attacked, that we may see what the enemy is about, and be able to fire upon them. But first we had better go to the old house, and take out what provisions and other articles we shall most want, and roll the casks into the stockade, for to the old house they will go first, and perhaps destroy everything in it. The casks, they certainly will, for the sake of the iron hoops. An hour's work will do a great deal, for the distance is not very great. I believe we have everything we want in the stockade; Juno has her fuel, the large butt of water will last us two or three weeks at least, and if we have time, we will get the wheels down, and spear a couple of turtles for fresh provisions."

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"We hardly need think of turtle just now, Ready."

"Why not, sir? It's as well to have them as to leave them for the savages to eat for us. I will get all up I can, even if we do not eat them; they will live for weeks on their back in the shade."

This conversation passed as they walked up to the house. As soon as they arrived, they found William and Juno had just brought in the powder and cartridges. Mr. Seagrave went in to break the matter to his wife, who, he feared, would be much alarmed.

"I was told that I had to expect this, my dear," replied Mrs. Seagrave, "so that it has not come upon me altogether unawares; and anything that a poor weak woman can do, I will. I feel that I have no want of courage to defend my children."

"I am indeed greatly relieved," said Mr. Seagrave, "by finding you thus prepared and supported. I shall feel no anxiety—but we have work to be done."

"Then I must help, my dear Seagrave; and what I want in strength, I must make up in energy."

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Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave then joined William, Ready, and Juno, who had already proceeded to the old house. The children were all still in bed and asleep, so that there was no occasion for any one to watch them.

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LANDING.

CHAPTER XXVI.

As they could have a very good view of the canoes from where the old house stood, Ready examined them with his glass every time that he returned from rolling up a cask to the stockade. Every one worked hard; even Mrs. Seagrave did all she could, either assisting in rolling the casks, or carrying up what she was able to lift. In an hour they had got into

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the stockade all that they most cared for, and the canoes were still about six or seven miles off.

"We have a good hour before they arrive, sir," said Ready, "and even then the reefs will puzzle them not a little; I doubt if they are disembarked under two hours. We have plenty of time for all we wish to do. Juno, go for the wheels, and William, come down with the spear, and we will have some of the turtle into the stockade. Mr. Seagrave, I do not require your assistance, so if you will have the kindness to get out the muskets, and examine the flints, it will be as well."

"Yes; and then you have to load them," replied Mrs. Seagrave. "Juno and I can do that, at all events, ready for you to fire them."

"An excellent idea, Madam," replied Ready; "and you will really be of service."

In half an hour six turtle were brought up by Juno and William, and then Ready followed them into the stockade. "I don't see the goat, Master William," said Ready; "but as we have no food for her, I think we may as well leave her out; she will run away when she sees such strange creatures as these savages."

They then rolled the casks and upheaded them by the sides of the stockade, and fixed up deal planks to

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stand upon, just high enough to enable them to see over the top of the palisades, and to fire at the enemy. Mrs. Seagrave had been shown how to load a musket, and Juno was now taught the same.

"Now, sir, we are all prepared," said old Ready, "and madam and Juno can go and look a little after the children, and get breakfast."

"Breakfast all ready. Kettle boil long time," said Juno.

As soon as the children were dressed, Mr. Seagrave called Ready, who was outside, watching the canoes, and they went to their morning devotions and prayed heartily for succour in this time of need. They then breakfasted in haste; for, as may be supposed, they were almost too anxious to eat. Mrs. Seagrave pressed her children in her arms, but kept up her spirits wonderfully.

"This suspense is worse than all," said she at last. "I wish now that they were come."

"Shall I go to Ready, and hear his report, my dear? I will not be away three minutes."

In a short time Mr. Seagrave returned, saying that the canoes were close to the beach, that the savages evidently had a knowledge of the passages through the reefs, as they had steered right in, and had lowered their sails; that Ready and William were

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on the look-out, but concealed behind the cocoa-nut trees.

"I hope they will not stay out too long."

"No fear of that, my dear Selina; but they had better watch their motions to the last minute."

During this conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave within the stockade, William and Ready were watching the motions of the savages, a large portion of whom had landed out of ten of the canoes, and the others were following their example as fast as they could, forcing their way through the reefs. The savages were all painted, with their war-cloaks and feathers on, and armed with spears and clubs, evidently having come with no peaceable intentions. At first they occupied themselves with beaching the canoes, and as they were very large and heavy, this was a work of some few minutes' employment for the whole of them.

William, who had taken the telescope to examine them more minutely, said to Ready, "What a fierce, cruel set of wretches they appear to be; if they overpower us, they will certainly kill us."

"Of that there is no doubt, Master William; but we must fight hard, and not let them overpower us. Kill us they certainly will, and I am not sure that

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they may not eat us afterwards; but that is of little consequence."

William shuddered at the idea, and then replied in a determined tone, "I'll fight as long as I have breath in my body; but, Ready, they are coming up as fast as they can."

"Yes, sir; right up to the old house; we must wait no longer. Come, Master William."

"I thought I saw another vessel under sail, out away by the garden point, Ready, just as we turned away."

"Very likely, sir, a canoe which has separated from the others during the night. Come, quick, Master William, they have begun to yell."

Another half-minute, and they arrived at the door of the stockade; they entered, shut the door, and then barricaded it with the cocoa-nut poles which they had fitted to the inner door-posts.

"That is secure enough," observed Ready, "and now we must trust to Heaven and our own exertions."

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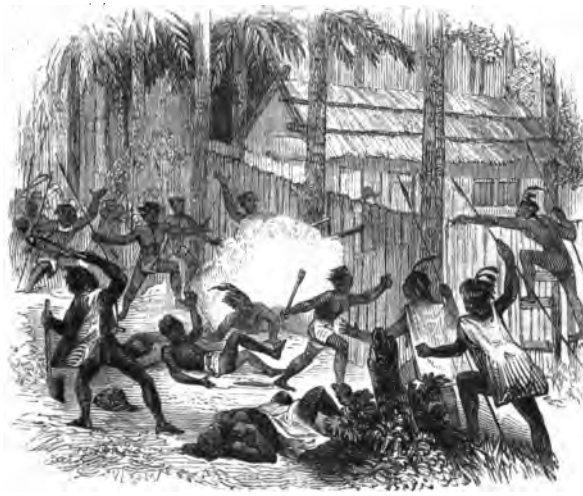

ATTACK OF STOCKADE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE loud yells of the savages struck terror into the heart of Mrs. Seagrave ; it was well that she had not seen their painted bodies and fierce appearance, or she would have been much more alarmed. Little Albert and Caroline clung round her neck with terror in their faces ; they did not cry, but looked round and round to see from whence the horrid noise proceeded, and then clung faster to their mother. Master Tommy

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was very busy finishing all the breakfast which had been left, for there was no one to check him as usual; Juno was busy outside, and was very active and courageous. Mr. Seagrave had been employed making the holes between the palisades large enough to admit the barrels of the muskets, so that they could fire at the savages without being exposed; while William and Ready, with their muskets loaded, were on the look-out for their approach.

"They are busy with the old house just now, sir," observed Ready, "but that won't detain them long."

"Here they come," replied William; "and look, Ready, is not that one of the women who escaped from us in the canoe, who is walking along with the first two men? Yes, it is, I am sure."

"You are right, Master William, it is one of them. Ah! they have stopped; they did not expect the stockade, that is clear, and it has puzzled them; see how they are all crowding together and talking; they are holding a council of war how to proceed; that tall man must be one of their chiefs. Now, Master William, although I intend to fight as hard as I can, yet I always feel a dislike to begin first; I shall therefore show myself over the palisades, and if they attack me, I shall then fire with a quiet conscience."

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"But take care they don't hit you, Ready."

"No great fear of that, Master William. Here they come."

Ready now stood upon the plank within, so as to show himself to the savages, who gave a tremendous yell, and, as they advanced, a dozen spears were thrown at him with so true an aim that, had he not instantly dodged behind the stockade, he must have been killed. Three or four spears remained quivering in the palisades, just below the top; the others went over it, and fell down inside of the stockade, at the further end.

"Now, Master William, take good aim;" but before William could fire, Mr. Seagrave, who had agreed to be stationed at the corner so that he might see if the savages went round to the other side, fired his musket and the tall chief fell to the ground.

Ready and William also fired, and two more of the savages were seen to drop, amidst the yells of their companions. Juno handed up the other muskets which were ready loaded, and took those discharged, and Mrs. Seagrave, having desired Caroline to take care of her little brother, and Tommy to be very quiet and good, came out, turned the key of the door upon them, and hastened to assist Juno in reloading the muskets.

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The spears now rushed through the air, and it was well that they could fire from the stockade without exposing their persons, or they would have had but little chance. The yells increased, and the savages now began to attack on every quarter; the most active, who climbed like cats, actually succeeded in gaining the top of the palisades, but, as soon as their heads appeared above, they were fired at with so true an aim that they dropped down dead outside. This combat lasted for more than an hour, when the savages, having lost a great many men, drew off from the assault, and the parties within the stockade had time to breathe.

"They have not gained much in this bout, at all events," said Ready; "it was well fought on our side, and, Master William, you certainly behaved as if you had been brought up to it; I don't think you ever missed your man once."

"Do you think they will go away now?" said Mrs. Seagrave.

"Oh, no, Madam, not yet; they will try us every way before they leave us. You see these are very brave men, and it is clear that they know what gunpowder is, or they would have been more astonished."

"I should think so too," replied Mr. Seagrave;

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"the first time that savages hear the report of fire-arms, they are usually thrown into great consternation."

"Yes, sir; but such has not been the case with these people, and therefore I reckon it is not the first time that they have fought with Europeans."

"Are they all gone, Ready?" said William, who had come down from the plank to his mother.

"No, sir; I see them between the trees now; they are sitting round in a circle, and, I suppose, making speeches: it is the custom of these people."

"Well, I'm very thirsty, at all events," said William; "Juno, bring me a little water."

Juno went to the water-tub, to comply with William's request, and in a few moments afterwards came back in great consternation.

"Oh, Massa! oh, Missy; no water; water all gone."

"Water all gone!" cried Ready and all of them in a breath.

"Yes; not one little drop in the cask."

"I filled it up to the top!" exclaimed Ready very gravely; "the tub did not leak, that I am sure of; how can this have happened?"

"Missy, I tink I know now," said Juno; "you remember you send Massa Tommy, the two or three

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days we wash, to fetch water from well in little bucket. You know how soon he come back, and how you say what good boy he was, and how you tell Massa Seagrave when he come to dinner. Now, Missy, I quite certain Massa Tommy no take trouble go to well, but fetch water from tub all the while, and so he empty it."

"I'm afraid you're right, Juno," replied Mrs. Seagrave. "What shall we do?"

"I go speak Massa Tommy," said Juno, running to the house.

"This is a very awkward thing, Mr. Seagrave," observed Ready, gravely.

Mr. Seagrave shook his head.

The fact was, that they all perceived the danger of their position: if the savages did not leave the island, they would perish of thirst or have to surrender; and in the latter case, all their lives would most certainly be sacrificed.

Juno now returned: her suspicions were but too true. Tommy, pleased with the praise of being so quick in bringing the water, had taken out the spigot of the cask, and drawn it all off. He was now crying, and promising not to take the water again.

"His promises come too late," observed Mr. Sea-

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grave; "well, it is the will of Heaven that all our careful arrangements and preparations against this attack should be defeated by the idleness of a child, and we must submit."

"Very true, sir," replied Ready; "all our hopes now are, that the savages may be tired out, and leave the island."

"If I had but a little for the children, I should not care," observed Mrs. Seagrave; "but to see those poor things suffer—is there not a drop left, Juno, anywhere?"

Juno shook her head. "All gone, Missy; none nowhere."

Mrs. Seagrave said she would go and examine, and went away into the house, accompanied by Juno.

"This is a very bad business, Ready," observed Mr. Seagrave. "What would we give for a shower of rain now, that we might catch the falling drops?"

"There are no signs of it, sir," replied Ready; "we must, however, put our confidence in One who will not forsake us."

"I wish the savages would come on again," observed William; "for the sooner they come, the sooner the affair will be decided."

"I doubt if they will to-day, sir; at night-time I

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think it very probable, and I fear the night attack more than the day. We must make preparations for it."

"Why, what can we do, Ready?"

"In the first place, sir, by nailing planks from cocoa-nut tree to cocoa-nut tree above the present stockade, we may make a great portion of it much higher, and more difficult to climb over. Some of them were nearly in, this time. If we do that, we shall not have so large a space to watch over and defend; and then we must contrive to have a large fire ready for lighting, that we may not have to fight altogether in the dark. It will give them some advantage in looking through the palisades, and seeing where we are, but they cannot well drive their spears through, so it is no great matter. We must make the fire in the centre of the stockade, and have plenty of tar in it, to make it burn bright, and we must not, of course, light it until after we are attacked. We shall then see where they are trying for an entrance, and where to aim with our muskets."

"The idea is very good, Ready," said Mr. Seagrave; "if it had not been for this unfortunate want of water, I really should be sanguine of beating them off."

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"We may suffer very much, Mr. Seagrave, I have no doubt; but who knows what the morrow may bring forth?"

"True, Ready. Do you see the savages now?"

"No, sir; they have left the spot where they were in consultation, and I do not even hear them; I suppose they are busy with their wounded and their dead."

As Ready had supposed, no further attack was made by the savages on that day, and he, William, and Mr. Seagrave were very busy making their arrangements; they nailed the planks on the trunks of the trees above the stockade, so as to make three sides of the stockade at least five feet higher, and almost impossible to climb up; and they prepared a large fire in a tar-barrel full of cocoa-nut leaves mixed with wood and tar, so as to burn fiercely. Dinner or supper they had none, for there was nothing but salt pork and beef and live turtle, and, by Ready's advice, they did not eat, as it would only increase their desire to drink.

The poor children suffered much; Little Albert wailed and cried for "water, water;" Caroline knew that there was none, and was quiet, poor little girl, although she suffered much; as for Tommy, the author of all this misery, he was the most impatient,

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and roared for some time, till William, quite angry at his behaviour, gave him a smart box on the ear, and he reduced his roar to a whimper, from fear of receiving another. Ready remained on the look-out; indeed, everything was so miserable inside of the house, that they were all glad to go out of it; they could do no good, and poor Mrs. Seagrave had a difficult and most painful task to keep the children quiet under such severe privation, for the weather was still very warm and sultry.

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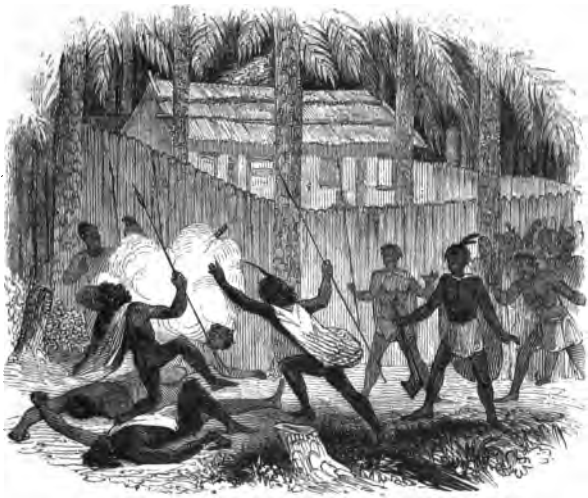

NIGHT ATTACK.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

But the moaning of the children was very soon after dusk drowned by the yells of the savages, who, as Ready had prognosticated, now advanced to the night attack.

Every part of the stockade was at once assailed, and their attempts now made were to climb into it; a few spears were occasionally thrown, but it was evident that the object was to obtain an entrance by

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dint of numbers. It was well that Ready had taken the precaution of nailing the deal planks above the original stockade, or there is little doubt but that the savages would have gained their object; as it was, before the flames of the fire, which Juno had lighted by Ready's order, gave them sufficient light, three or four savages had climbed up and had been shot by William and Mr. Seagrave, as they were on the top of the stockade.

When the fire burnt brightly, the savages outside were more easily aimed at, and a great many fell in their attempts to get over. The attack continued more than an hour, when at last, satisfied that they could not succeed, the savages once more withdrew, carrying with them, as before, their dead and wounded.

"I trust that they will now re-embark, and leave the island," said Mr. Seagrave to Ready.

"I only wish they may, sir; it is not at all impossible; but there is no saying. I have been thinking, Mr. Seagrave, that we might be able to ascertain their movements by making a look-out. You see, sir, that cocoa-nut tree," continued Ready, pointing to one of those to which the palisades were fastened, "is much taller than any of the others; now, by driving spike-nails into the trunk at about a foot apart, we might ascend it with ease, and it would

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command a view of the whole bay; we then could know what the enemy were about."

"Yes, that is very true; but will not any one be very much exposed if he climbs up?"

"No, sir, for you see the cocoa-nut trees are cut down clear of the palisades to such a distance, that no savage could come at all near without being seen by any one on the look-out, and giving us sufficient time to get down again before he could use his spear."

"I believe that you are right there, Ready, but at all events, I would not attempt to do it before daylight, as there may be some of them still lurking underneath the stockade."

"Certainly, there may be, sir, and therefore, until daylight, we will not begin. Fortunately, we have plenty of spike-nails left."

Mr. Seagrave then went into the house; Ready desired William to lie down, and sleep for two or three hours, as he would watch. In the morning, when Mr. Seagrave came out, he would have a little sleep himself.

"I can't sleep, Ready. I'm mad with thirst," replied William.

"Yes, sir; it's very painful—I feel it myself very much, but what must those poor children feel? I pity them most."

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"I pity my mother most, Ready," replied William; "it must be agony to her to witness their sufferings, and not be able to relieve them."

"Yes, indeed, it must be terrible, Master William, to a mother's feelings; but, perhaps, these savages will be off to-morrow, and then we shall forget all our privations."

"I trust in God that they may, Ready; but they seem very determined."

"Yes, sir; iron is gold to them; and what will civilized men not do for gold? Come, Master William, lie down at all events, even if you cannot sleep."

In the mean time Mr. Seagrave had gone into the house. He found the children still crying for water, notwithstanding the coaxing and soothing of Mrs. Seagrave, who was shedding tears as she hung over poor little Albert. Juno had gone out, and had dug with a spade as deep as she could, with a faint hope that some might be found, but in vain, and she had just returned mournful and disconsolate. There was no help for it but patience; and patience could not be expected in children so young. Little Caroline only drooped, and said nothing. Mr. Seagrave remained for two or three hours with his wife, assisting her in pacifying the children, and soothing her to the

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utmost of his power; at last he went out and found old Ready on the watch.

"Ready, I had rather a hundred times be attacked by these savages, and have to defend this place, than be in that house for even five minutes and witness the sufferings of my wife and children."

"I do not doubt it, sir," replied Ready; "but cheer up, and let us hope for the best; I think it very probable that the savages after this second defeat will leave the island."

"I wish I could think so, Ready; it would make me very happy; but I have come out to take the watch, Ready. Will you not sleep for a while?"

"I will, sir, if you please, take a little sleep. Call me in two hours; it will then be daylight, and I can go to work, and you can get some repose yourself."

"I am too anxious to sleep; I think so, at least."

"Master William said he was too thirsty to sleep, sir; but, poor fellow, he is now fast enough."

"I trust that boy will be spared, Ready."

"I hope so too; for he is a noble fellow: but we are all in the hands of the Almighty. Good night, sir."

"Good night, Ready."

Mr. Seagrave took his station on the plank, and was left to his own reflections; that they were not of

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the most pleasant kind, may easily be imagined. He had, however, been well schooled by adversity, and had lately brought himself to such a frame of mind, as to bow in submission to the will of Heaven, whatever it might be. He prayed earnestly and fervently that they might be delivered from the danger and sufferings which threatened them, and became calm and tranquil; prepared for the worst, if the worst was to happen, and confidently placing himself and his family under the care of Him who orders all as he thinks best.

At daylight Ready woke up and relieved Mr. Seagrave, who did not return to the house, but lay down on the cocoa-nut boughs, where Ready had been lying by the side of William. As soon as Ready had got out the spike-nails and hammer, he summoned William to his assistance, and they commenced driving them into the cocoa-nut tree, one looking out, in case of the savages approaching, while the other was at work. In less than an hour they had gained the top of the tree close to the boughs, and had a very commanding view of the bay, as well as inland. William, who was driving the last dozen spikes, took a survey, and then came down to Ready.

"I can see everything, Ready: they have pulled down the old house altogether, and are most of them

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lying down outside, covered up with their war-cloaks; some women are walking to and fro from the canoes, which are lying on the beach where they first landed."

"They have pulled down the house to obtain the iron nails, I have no doubt," replied Ready. "Did you see any of their dead?"

"No; I did not look about very much, but I will go up again directly. I came down because my hands were jarred with hammering, and the hammer was so heavy to carry. In a minute or two I shall go up light enough. My lips are burning, Ready, and swelled; the skin is peeling off. I had no idea that want of water would have been so dreadful. I think poor Tommy is more than punished already."

"A child does not reflect upon consequences, Master William, nor could we possibly foresee that his using up the water could have created such misery. It was an idle trick of his, and whatever may be the consequences, it still can be considered as such, and nothing more."

"I was in hopes of finding a cocoa-nut or two on the tree, but there was not one."

"And if you had found one, it would not have had any milk in it at this season of the year. However, Master William, if the savages do not go away to-day, something must be done. I wish now that

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you would go up again, and see if they are not stirring."

William again mounted to the top of the tree, and remained up for some minutes; when he came down, he said, "They are all up now, and swarming like bees. I counted two hundred and sixty of the men, in their war-cloaks and feather head-dresses; the women are passing to and fro from the well with water; there is nobody at the canoes except eight or ten women, who are beating their heads, I think, or doing something of the kind. I could not make it out well, but they seem all doing the same thing."

"I know what they are about, Master William; they are cutting themselves with knives or other sharp instruments. It is the custom of these people. The dead are all put into the canoes, and these women are lamenting over them; perhaps they are going away, since the dead are in the canoes; but there is no saying."

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READY, SAVAGE, AND WILLIAM.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE second day was passed in keeping a look-out upon the savages, and awaiting a fresh attack. They could perceive from the top of the cocoa-nut tree that the savages held a council of war in the forenoon, sitting round in a large circle, while one got up in the centre, and made a speech, flourishing his club and spear while he spoke. In the afternoon the council broke up, and the savages were observed to

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be very busy in all directions, cutting down the cocoa-nut trees, and collecting all the brushwood.

Ready watched them for a long while, and at last came down a little before sunset. "Mr. Seagrave," said he, "we shall have, in my opinion, no attack this night, but to-morrow we must expect something very serious; the savages are cutting down the trees, and making large fagots; they do not get on very fast, because their hatchets are made of stone and don't cut very well; but perseverance and numbers will effect everything, and I dare say that they will work all night till they have obtained as many fagots as they want."

"But what do you imagine to be their object, Ready, in cutting down trees, and making the fagots?"

"Either, sir, to pile them up outside the palisades, so large as to be able to walk up upon them, or else to pile them up to set fire to them, and burn us out."

"Do you think they will succeed?"

"Not without very heavy loss; perhaps we may beat them off, but it will be a hard fight; harder than any we have had yet. We must have the women to load the muskets, so that we may fire as fast as we can. I should not think much of their attempts to burn us, if it were not for the smoke.

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Cocoa-nut wood, especially with the bark on, as our palisades have, will char a long while, but not burn easily when standing upright; and the fire, when the fagots are kindled, although it will be fierce, will not last long."

"But suffering as we are now, Ready, for want of water, how can we possibly keep up our strength to meet them in a suffocating smoke and flame? we must drop with sheer exhaustion."

"We must hope for the best, and do our best, Mr. Seagrave," replied Ready; "and recollect that, should anything happen to me during the conflict, if there is any chance of your being overpowered, you must take advantage of the smoke, to escape into the woods, and find your way to the tents. I have no doubt that you will be able to do that; of course the attack will be to windward, if they use fire, and you must try and escape to leeward; I have shown William how to force a palisade if necessary. The savages, if they get possession, will not think of looking for you at first, and, perhaps, when they have obtained all that the house contains, not even afterwards."

"Why do you say if any accident happens to you, Ready?" said William.

"Because, Master William, if they place the

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fagots so as to be able to walk to the top of the palisades, I may be wounded or killed, and so may you."

"Of course," replied William; "but they are not in yet, and they shall have a hard fight for it."

Ready then told Mr. Seagrave that he would keep the watch, and call him at twelve o'clock. During these two days they had eaten very little; a turtle had been killed, and pieces fried; but eating only added to their thirst, and even the children refused the meat. The sufferings were now really dreadful, and poor Mrs. Seagrave was almost frantic.

As soon as Mr. Seagrave had gone into the house, Ready called William, and said, "Master William, water we must have. I cannot bear to see the agony of the poor children, and the state of mind which your poor mother is in; and more, without water we never shall be able to beat off the savages to-morrow. We shall literally die of choking in the smoke, if they use fire. Now, William, I intend to take one of the seven-gallon barricos, and go down to the well for water. I may succeed, and I may not, but attempt it I must; and if I fall, it cannot be helped."

"Why not let me go, Ready?" replied William.

"For many reasons, William," said Ready; "and the chief one is, that I do not think you would succeed so well as I shall. I shall put on the war-cloak and

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feathers of the savage who fell dead inside of the stockade, and that will be a disguise; but I shall take no arms except his spear, as they would only be in my way, and increase the weight I have to carry. Now, observe, you must let me out of the door, and when I am out, in case of accident, put one of the poles across it inside; that will keep the door fast, if they attack it, until you can secure it with the others. Watch my return, and be all ready to let me in. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, perfectly, Ready; but I am now, I must confess, really frightened; if anything was to happen to you, what a misery it would be."

"There is no help for it, William. Water must, if possible, be procured, and now is a better time to make the attempt than later, when they may be more on the watch; they have left off their work, and are busy eating; if I meet any one, it will only be a woman."

Ready went for the barrico, a little cask, which held six or seven gallons of water. He put on the head-dress and war-cloak of the savage; and, taking the barrico on his shoulder, and the spear in his hand, the poles which barred the door were softly removed by William, and after ascertaining that no one was concealed beneath the palisades, Ready

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pressed William's hand, and set off across the cleared space outside of the stockade, and gained the cocoa-nut trees. William, as directed, closed the door, passed one pole through the inner door-posts for security, and remained on the watch. He was in an awful state of suspense, listening to the slightest noise, even the slight rustling by the wind of the cocoa-nut boughs above him made him start: there he continued for some minutes, his gun ready cocked by his side.

It is time that he returned, thought William; the distance is not a hundred yards, and yet I have heard no noise. At last he thought he heard footsteps coming very softly. Yes, it was so. Ready was returning, and without any accident. William had his hand upon the pole, to slip it on one side, and open the door, when he heard a scuffle and a fall close to the door. He immediately threw down the pole, and opened it, just as Ready called him by name. William seized his musket, and sprang out; he found Ready struggling with a savage, who was uppermost, and with his spear at Ready's breast. In a second William levelled and fired, and the savage fell dead by the side of Ready.

"Take the water in quick, William," said Ready in a faint voice; "I will contrive to crawl in if I can."

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William caught up the barrico of water, and took it in; he then hastened to Ready, who was on his knees. Mr. Seagrave, hearing the musket fired, had run out, and finding the stockade door open, followed William, and seeing him endeavouring to support Ready, caught hold of his other arm, and they led him tottering into the stockade: the door was then immediately secured, and they went to his assistance.

"Are you hurt, Ready?" said William.

"Yes, dear boy, yes; hurt to death, I fear: his spear went through my breast. Water, quick, water!"

"Alas; that we had some!" said Mr. Seagrave.

"We have, papa," replied William; "but it has cost us dearly."

William ran for a pannikin, and taking out the bung, poured some water out of the barrico, and gave it to Ready, who drank it with eagerness.

"Now, William, lay me down on these cocoa-nut boughs; go and give some water to the others, and when you have all drunk, then come to me again. Don't tell Mrs. Seagrave that I'm hurt. Do as I beg of you."

"Papa, take the water—do, pray," replied William; "I cannot leave Ready."

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"I will, my boy," replied Mr. Seagrave; "but first drink yourself."

William, who was very faint, drank off the pannikin of water, which immediately revived him, and then, while Mr. Seagrave hastened with some water to the children and women, occupied himself with old Ready, who breathed heavily, but did not speak.

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THE LOOK-OUT.

CHAPTER XXX.

AFTER returning twice for water, to satisfy those in the house, Mr. Seagrave came to the assistance of William, who had been removing Ready's clothes to ascertain the nature and extent of the wound which he had received.

"We had better move him to where the other cocoa-nut boughs lie; he will be more comfortable there," said William.

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Ready whispered, "More water." William gave him some more, and then, with the assistance of his father, Ready was removed to a more comfortable place. As soon as they had laid him there, Ready turned on his side, and threw up a quantity of blood.

"I am better now," said he in a low voice; "bind up the wound, William; an old man like me has not much blood to spare."

Mr. Seagrave and William then opened his shirt, and examined the wound: the spear had gone deep into the lungs. William threw off his own shirt, tore it up into strips, and then bound up the wound so as to stop the effusion of blood.

Ready, who at first appeared much exhausted with being moved about, gradually recovered so as to be able to speak in a low voice, when Mrs. Seagrave came out of the house.

"Where is that brave, kind man?" cried she, "that I may bless him and thank him."

Mr. Seagrave went to her, and caught her by the arm.

"He is hurt, my dear; I am afraid very much hurt. I did not tell you at the time."

Mr. Seagrave first briefly related what had occurred, and then led her to where old Ready was

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lying. Mrs. Seagrave knelt by his side, took his hand, and burst into tears.

"Don't weep for me, dear Madam," said Ready; "my days have been numbered; I'm only sorry that I cannot any more be useful to you."

"Dear, good old man," said Mrs. Seagrave, after a pause, "whatever may be our fates, and that is for the Almighty to decide for us, as long as I have life, what you have done for me and mine shall never be forgotten."

Mrs. Seagrave then bent over him, and, kissing his forehead, rose from her knees, and retired weeping into the house.

"William," said Ready, "I can't talk now; raise my head a little, and then leave me; I shall be better if I'm quiet. You have not looked round lately. Come again in about half an hour. Leave me now, Mr. Seagrave; I shall be better if I doze a little."

William and Mr. Seagrave complied with Ready's request; they went up to the planks, and examined all round the stockade, cautiously and carefully; at last they stopped.

"This is a sad business, William," said Mr. Seagrave.

William shook his head. "He would not let me

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go," replied he; "I wish he had. I fear that he is much hurt; do you think so, papa?"

"I should say that he cannot recover, William. We shall miss him to-morrow, if they attack us; I fear much for the result."

"I hardly know what to say, papa; but this I feel, that since we have been relieved, I am able to do twice as much as I could have done before."

"I feel the same, my dear boy; but still with such a force against us, two people cannot do much."

"If my mother and Juno load the muskets for us," replied William, "we shall at all events do as much now as we should have been able to do if there were three, so exhausted as we should have been."

"Perhaps so, my dear William; at all events we will do our best, for we fight for our lives and the lives of those most dear to us."

William went softly up to Ready, and found that the old man was dozing, if not asleep; he did not therefore disturb him, but returned to his father; they carried the barrico of water into the house, and put it in Mrs. Seagrave's charge, that it might not be wasted; and now that their thirst had been appeased, they all felt the calls of hunger. Juno and William went and cut off steaks from the turtle, and fried them; they all made a hearty meal, and

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perhaps never had they taken one with so much relish in their lives.

It was nearly daylight, when William, who had several times been softly up to Ready to ascertain whether he slept or not, found him with his eyes open.

"How do you find yourself, Ready?" said William.

"I am quiet and easy, William, and without much pain; but I think I am sinking, and shall not last long. Recollect that if you are obliged to escape from the stockade, William, you take no heed of me, but leave me where I am. I cannot live, and were you to move me, I should only die the sooner."

"I had rather die with you, than leave you, Ready."

"No, sir, that is wrong and foolish; you must save your mother, and your brothers and sister; promise me that you will do as I wish."

William hesitated.

"I point out to you your duty, Master William. I know what your feelings are, but you must not give way to them; promise me this, or you will make me very miserable."

William squeezed Ready's hand; his heart was too full to speak.

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"They will come at daylight, William—I think so at least; you have not much time to spare; climb to the look-out, and wait there till day dawns; watch them as long as you can in safety, and then come down, to tell me what you have seen."

Ready's voice became faint after this exertion of speaking so much.

He motioned to William, who immediately climbed up the cocoa-nut tree, and waited there till daylight.

At the dawn of day, he perceived that the savages were at work, that they had collected all the fagots together opposite to where the old house had stood, and were very busy in making arrangements for the attack. At last, he perceived that they every one shouldered a fagot, and commenced their advance towards the stockade; William immediately descended from the tree, and called his father, who was talking with Mrs. Seagrave. The muskets were all loaded, and Mrs. Seagrave and Juno took their posts below the planking, to reload them as fast as they were fired.

"We must fire upon them as soon as we are sure of not missing them, William," said Mr. Seagrave, "for the more we check their advance the better."

When the first savages were within fifty yards, they both fired, and two of the men dropped; and they

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continued to fire as their assailants came up, with great success for the first ten minutes; after which the savages advanced in a larger body, and took the precaution to hold the fagots in front of them, for some protection as they approached. By these means they gained the stockade in safety, and commenced laying their fagots. Mr. Seagrave and William still kept up an incessant fire upon them, but not with so much success as before.

Although many fell, the fagots were gradually heaped up, till they almost reached to the holes between the palisades, through which they pointed their muskets; and as the savages contrived to slope them down from the stockade to the ground, it was evident that they meant to mount up and take them by escalade. At last, it appeared as if all the fagots had been placed, and the savages retired farther back, to where the cocoa-nut trees were still standing.

"They have gone away, father," said William; "but they will come again, and I fear it is all over with us."

"I fear so too, my noble boy," replied Mr. Seagrave; "they are only retreating, to arrange for a general assault, and they now will be able to gain an entrance. I almost wish that they had fired

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the fagots; we might have escaped as Ready pointed out to us, but now I fear we have no chance."

"Don't say a word to my mother," said William; "let us defend ourselves to the last, and if we are overpowered, it is the will of God."

"I should like to take a farewell embrace of your dear mother," said Mr. Seagrave; "but no; it will be weakness just now. I had better not. Here they come, William, in a swarm. Well, God bless you, my boy; we shall all, I trust, meet in Heaven."

The whole body of savages were now advancing from the cocoa-nut wood in a solid mass; they raised a yell, which struck terror into the hearts of Mrs. Seagrave and Juno, yet they flinched not. The savages were again within fifty yards of them, when the fire was opened upon them; the fire was answered by loud yells, and the savages had already reached to the bottom of the sloping pile of fagots, when the yells and the reports of the muskets were drowned by a much louder report, followed by the crackling and breaking of the cocoa-nut trees, which made both parties start with surprise; another and another followed, the ground was ploughed up, and the savages fell in numbers.

"It must be the cannon of a ship, father," said William; "we are saved—we are saved!".

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"It can be nothing else; we are saved, and by a miracle," replied Mr. Seagrave in utter astonishment.

The savages paused in the advance, quite stupified; again, again, again, the report of the loud guns boomed through the air, and the round shot and grape came whizzing and tearing through the cocoa-nut grove; at this last broadside, the savages turned and fled towards their canoes: not one was left to be seen.

"We are saved!" cried Mr. Seagrave, leaping off the plank and embracing his wife, who sank down on her knees, and held up her clasped hands in thankfulness to Heaven.

William had hastened up to the look-out on the cocoa-nut tree, and now cried out to them below, as the guns were again discharged—

"A large schooner, father; she is firing at the savages, who are at the canoes; they are falling in every direction: some have plunged into the water; there is a boatful of armed men coming on shore; they are close to the beach, by the garden point. Three of the canoes have got off full of men; there go the guns again; two of the canoes are sunk, father; the boat has landed, and the people are coming up this way." William then descended from the look-out as fast as he could.

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As soon as he was down, he commenced unbarring the door of the stockade. He pulled out the last pole just as he heard the feet of their deliverers outside. He threw open the door, and a second after found himself in the arms of Captain Osborn.

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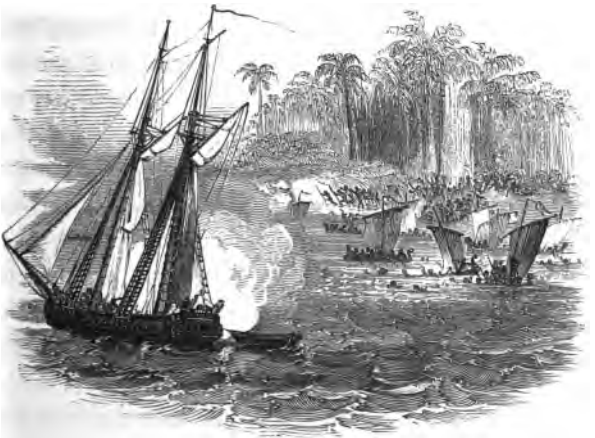

SCHOONER AND CANOES.

CHAPTER XXXI.

BEFORE we wind up this history, it will be as well to state to my young readers how it was that Captain Osborn made his appearance at so fortunate a moment. It will be recollected how a brig came off the island some months before this, and the great disappointment that the party on the island experienced in her not making her appearance again,

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especially as they had seen the flags which they had hoisted.

The fact was, that those on board of the brig had not only seen their signals, but had read the name of the "Pacific" upon the flag hoisted; but the heavy gale which came on drove them so far to the southward, that the master of the brig did not consider that he should do his duty to his owners, if he lost so much time in beating up for the island again; the cargo which he had on board was one which would lose in value if it were not one of the first in the market. He therefore decided upon making all sail for Sydney, to which port he was bound.

When Captain Osborn was put into the boat by Mackintosh and the seamen of the "Pacific," he was still insensible; but he gradually recovered, and after a stormy night, during which the men had the greatest difficulty in keeping the boat afloat, Captain Osborn was so far recovered as to hear from Mackintosh what had taken place, and why it was that he found himself in an open boat at sea. The next morning the wind moderated, and they were fortunate enough to fall in with a vessel bound to Van Diemen's Land, which took them all on board.

From the account given by Mackintosh, Captain Osborn had no doubt in his mind but that the Sea-

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grave family had perished, and the loss of the vessel, with them on board, was duly reported to the owners. When at Van Diemen's Land, Captain Osborn was so much taken with the beauty and fertility of the country, and perhaps not so well inclined to go to sea again after such danger as he had incurred in the last voyage, that he resolved to purchase land and settle there. He did so, and had already stocked his farm with cattle, and had gone round to Sydney in a schooner to await the arrival of a large order from England which he had sent for, when the brig arrived and reported the existence of some white people on the small island, and also that they had hoisted a flag with the name "Pacific" worked on it.

Captain Osborn hearing this, went to the master of the brig, and questioned him. He found the latitude and longitude of the island to be not far from that of the ship when she was deserted, and he was now convinced that, by some miracle, the Seagrave family had been preserved. He therefore went to the Governor of New South Wales, and made him acquainted with the facts which had been established, and the Governor instantly replied, that the Government armed schooner was at his service, if he would himself go in quest of his former

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shipmates. Inconvenient as the absence at that time was to Captain Osborn, he at once acquiesced, and in a few days the schooner sailed for her destination. She arrived off the island on the same morning that the fleet of canoes with the savages effected their landing, and, when William made the remark to Ready as they were hastening into the stockade, that there was another vessel under sail off the garden point, had Ready had time to put his eye to the telescope, he would have discovered that it was the schooner, and not, as he supposed, a canoe which had separated from the others during the night.

The schooner stood in to the reefs, and then hauled off again, that she might send her boat in, to sound for an anchorage. The boat when sounding, perceived the canoes and the savages, and afterwards heard the report of fire-arms on the first attack. On her return on board the schooner, they stated what they had seen and heard, and their idea that the white people on the island were being attacked by the savages. As the boat did not return on board till near dusk, they had not time to canvass the question, when the night attack was made, and they again heard the firing of the muskets. This made Captain Osborn most anxious to land as soon

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as possible, but as the savages were in such numbers, and the crew of the schooner did not consist of more than twenty-five men, the commander considered it was rash to make the attempt. He did, however, show the utmost anxiety to bring his schooner to an anchor, so as to protect his men, and then agreed that they should land.

The boat had reported deep water and good anchorage close to the garden point, and every preparation was made for running at daylight on the following morning; but unfortunately, it fell calm for the best part of the day, and it was not until the morning after, just as the savages were making their last attack upon the stockade, that she could get in. As soon as she did, she opened the fire of her carronades, and the result is already known; the savages fled in all directions, the boat was then manned, and Captain Osborn led the party who landed, and came so opportunely to their relief.

My readers must, if they can, imagine the joy of Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave when they beheld their old friend Captain Osborn. All danger was now over; the party who had landed with him went out under the command of the mate, to ascertain if there were any more of the savages to be found; but, except the dead and dying, all had escaped in some of the

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smaller canoes. Captain Osborn remained with the Seagraves, and in a few words told his own history, and they then informed him of the state of poor old Ready, whom William had gone to attend as soon as Captain Osborn was engaged with his father and mother. Captain Osborn hurried out to see him; Ready knew him immediately, that is, he knew his voice, for the old man's eyes were already so dim, that he could not see.

"That is Captain Osborn, I know," said Ready in a faint voice. "You have come in good time, sir; I knew you would come, and I always said so: you have the thanks of a dying man."

"I hope it is not so bad as that, Ready; we have a surgeon on board, and I will send for him at once."

"No surgeon can help me, sir," replied Ready; "another hour of time will not pass before I shall be in Eternity. I thank God for the preservation of the family, but, Captain Osborn, my time is come."

The old man then joined his hands across his breast, and remained for some time in silent prayer.

"We had better leave," said Captain Osborn; "he wishes not to be interrupted. I will send for the surgeon, at all events, although I feel it is useless; the hand of death is already on him."

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Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave walked away with Captain Osborn, all of them much affected with the scene. William still remained by Ready's side to give him water when he asked for it. A few minutes afterwards, Ready opened his eyes.

"Are you there, William? I can't see you. Listen to me, my dear boy. Let me be buried under the trees on the mound above the well. I wish to lie there. Poor little Tommy; don't let him know that he was the cause of my death. Bring him here now, and Juno and Caroline, to say good-bye, William."

William, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, hastened into the house, and communicated Ready's wish to his father and mother. They all went out in a body, to take a last farewell; Ready called them all by name, one after another. They knelt down as he called them, and kissed him. He bade them farewell in a faint voice, which at last was changed to a mere whisper. They still remained, in silence and in tears, standing round him, William only kneeling and holding his hand, when the old man's head fell back, and he was no more!

"It is all over," said Mr. Seagrave mournfully, "and he has, I have no doubt, gone to receive the

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reward of a good and just man. 'Happy are those who die in the Lord.'"

Mr. Seagrave then led away his wife and children, leaving Juno and William. Poor Juno cried as if her heart would break as soon as her master and mistress were gone, and she could give vent to her feelings. William tried to console her.

"Oh! Massa William, me often think, and me really think now, he sent by Heaven to save us all. He just live long enough to do all he could do, and now he gone to Heaven again."

"I trust he has, Juno; I hope I may live as well, and die as well as he has done."

William closed up the eyes, and Juno went and fetched the ship's ensign, which they laid over the body, after which they joined the rest of the party in the house.

During the time that William had remained with old Ready, the commander of the schooner had landed with another party of men, whom he despatched to scour the island in pursuit of any savages who might remain; but they could find none. Captain Osborn introduced him to Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave, and arrangements were commenced for the embarkation. It was decided that the following day should be passed in packing up and getting on

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board their luggage, and that the day after the family should embark. William then mentioned the wish of poor old Ready, as to his burial. The commander immediately gave directions for a coffin to be made, and for his men to dig the grave at the spot that William should point out. It was also arranged that Juno should go round with the boat the next morning at daylight, to point out the little harbour, that they might take on board the merino sheep, which were of value; all the other animals, with the exception of the dogs, were to be left on the island, for the benefit of those who might, at any future time, meet with a disaster similar to that of the crew and passengers of the "Pacific."

The boats were on shore early the next morning, and the luggage was taken on board; but Mr. Seagrave would not take anything which could prove useful to any people who might be wrecked on the island; the furniture, tools, iron-work, nails, beef and pork, and flour, were all put into the house and locked up; the luggage therefore carried away was not very great, and was soon on board.

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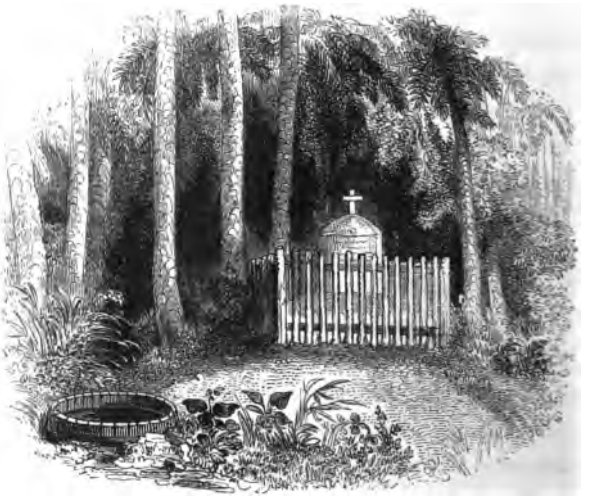

READY'S GRAVE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE hurry and bustle of preparing for their departure from the island, and the rapid succession of events which had been crowded together within so very few days, had not allowed time for much thought or reflection to Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave and William; at length, however, every preparation had been made, and they were no longer urged by the commander of the schooner to hasten their packing up and arrange-

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ments: for everything had been sent on board during the afternoon, and it was proposed that they should sail on the following day.

Now they had time to feel, and bitterly did they lament the loss of their old friend, and deplore that he had not survived to sail with them to Sydney. They had always indulged the hope that one day they should be taken off the island, and in that hope they had ever looked forward to old Ready becoming a part of their future household. Now that their wishes had been granted,—now that their fond longings were about to be realized,—so much was the feeling of joy and gratitude mingled with regret,—so great was their grief at the loss of their preserver,—that, could he have been restored to them, they felt as if they would have gladly remained on the island.

Captain Osborn, the commander, and the crew of the schooner, had taken leave of them for the night, and had gone on board, having made arrangements for the interment of Ready, previous to their sailing, on the following day. The children had been put to bed, and Juno had quitted the house; Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave and William were sitting together in their now half-dismantled room, when Juno entered; the poor girl had evidently been weeping.

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"Well, Juno," observed Mr. Seagrave, with a view to break the silence, which had continued for some time previous to her entrance, "are you not glad to leave the island?"

"One time I think I would be very glad, but now I not care much," replied Juno. "Island very nice place; all very happy till savage come. Suppose they not kill old Ready, I not care."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Seagrave, "it is a sad blow to us all; I did hope to have fostered the good old man, and to have been able to have shown him our gratitude, but——"

"It is the will of Heaven that it should be otherwise," continued Mr. Seagrave; "I would give half that I am possessed of, that he had not perished."

"Oh, Massa!" said Juno, "I sit by him just now; I take off the flag and look at his face, so calm, look so happy, so good, I almost tink he smile at me, and then I cry. Oh! Massa Tommy, all because you, idle boy."

"It adds much to my regret," replied Mr. Seagrave, "that his life should have been sacrificed through the thoughtlessness of one of my own children; what a lesson it will be to Tommy when he is old enough to comprehend fully the consequences of his conduct."

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"That he must not know, papa," said William, who had been leaning mournfully over the table; "one of Ready's last injunctions was that Tommy was never to be told of it. He made me promise."

"His last wishes shall be religiously attended to, my dear boy," replied Mr. Seagrave; "for what do we not owe to that good old man? When others deserted us and left us to perish, he remained with us to share our fate, with every prospect that the ocean would bury us. By his skill we were saved and landed in safety. He provided for our wants, added to our comforts, instructed us how to make the best use of our means, was our adviser, and, I may say, our protector. What should we have done without him? Without his precautions, we should have perished by the spears of the savages. It was his self-devotion which procured the water which saved our lives, and it was in this act that he sacrificed his own. What an example of Christian fortitude and humility did he ever show us; and indeed, I may truly say, that by his example, sinful as I must ever be, I have become, I trust, a better man. Would that he were now sitting by us,—but the Lord's will be done."

"I feel as if I had lost a stay or prop, my dear husband," replied Mrs. Seagrave. "So accustomed

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have I been to look to him for advice since we have been on this island. I feel now constantly that there is something wanting, and then I recollect that it is he who is away from me. Had he not been thus snatched from us—had he been spared to us a few years, and had we been permitted to have surrounded his death-bed, and have closed his eyes in peace—" and Mrs. Seagrave wept upon the shoulder of her husband.

After a time, Mrs. Seagrave recovered herself; but silence ensued, only broken by an occasional sob from poor Juno. William's heart was too full; he could not for a long while utter a word; at last he said, in a low voice—

"I feel that, next to my dear father and mother, I have lost my best friend. I cannot forgive myself for allowing him to go for the water; it was my duty to go, and I ought to have gone."

"And yet we could have ill spared you, my dear boy; you might have perished," replied Mrs. Seagrave.

"It would have been as God willed, my dear mother," replied William; "I might have perished, or I might not."

"We never know what the morrow may bring forth," said Mr. Seagrave, "or what may be in

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store for us. Had not this misfortune happened, had old Ready been spared to us, how joyfully should I and all of you have quitted this island, full of anticipation, and indulging in worldly prospects. What a change has been brought over me by this melancholy death! What a check have I received! I now am all thought and anxiety. I have said to myself, 'We have been happy on this island; our wants have been supplied; even our comforts have been great. We have been under no temptations, for we have been isolated from the world; am I so sure that I shall be as happy in future as I have been? Am I confident, now my long-wished-for return to the world is about to take place, that I shall have no cause to lament that I ever quitted this peaceful, quiet spot?' I feel, my dear wife, that it is a duty to my family that I should return to society, but I am far from feeling that our happiness may be increased. We have, however, a plain precept to follow, which is, to do our duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call us."

"Yes, my dear husband," replied Mrs. Seagrave; "I feel the truth of all you have just said. We are in His hands, and let us put our trust in Him."

"We will, dearest," replied Mr. Seagrave; "but

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it is late, and we have to rise early to-morrow morning. This is the last evening which we shall pass on this island; let us return our thanks for the happiness we have enjoyed here; let us confide in Him for our future welfare, and let us bow in humility to the chastening with which He has thought proper to visit us. We thought to have quitted this spot in joy,—it is His will that we should leave it in sorrow."

Mr. Seagrave took down the Bible, and after he had read a chapter, he poured forth a prayer suited to their feelings, and they all retired to repose.

The next morning they were up early, and packed up the few articles which still remained to go on board. Mr. Seagrave read the prayers, and they went to breakfast. Few words were exchanged, for there was a solemn grief upon all of them. They waited for the arrival of Captain Osborn and the crew of the schooner to attend the funeral of poor old Ready. William, who had gone out occasionally to look at the vessel, now came in, and said that two boats were pulling on shore. A few minutes afterwards, Captain Osborn and the commander of the schooner made their appearance, and after a short conversation, they went out to

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give directions. The coffin had been brought on shore; the body of Ready was put into it, and it was screwed down. William attended the process, and the tears fell fast down his cheeks as the lid was put over, and he saw the last of his old friend.

In half an hour all was prepared, and the family were summoned from the house. It was arranged that William, Mr. Seagrave, Captain Osborn, and Juno (at her own request) should be the pall-bearers.

The coffin, covered with the Union Jack as a pall, was raised on the shoulders of six of the seamen, and they bore it to the grave, followed by Mrs. Seagrave and the children, the commander of the schooner, and several of the men. Mr. Seagrave read the funeral service, which was occasionally interrupted by the sobbing of Juno, the grave was filled up, and they all walked back in silence. At the request of William, the commander of the schooner had ordered the carpenter to prepare an oak paling to put round the grave, and a board, on which was written the name of the deceased and day of his death. As soon as this had been fixed up, William with a deep sigh, followed the commander of the schooner to the house, to announce that all was finished, and that the boat waited for them to embark.

"Come, my dear," said Mr. Seagrave to his wife.

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"I will, I will," replied Mrs. Seagrave, "but I don't know how it is, now that the hour is come, I really feel such pain at quitting this dear island. Had it not been for poor Ready's death, I really do think I should wish to remain."

"I don't doubt but that you feel sorrow, my dear; but we must not keep Captain Osborn waiting."

"I should like to have time to visit once more all our little property,—the garden, the fishpond, the turtle-pond; I should like to wish good-bye even to the animals, Seagrave; it may be a weakness, but I cannot help it."

"Do we leave Nanny, mamma," said Caroline, "and all the chickens?"

"Yes, my dear; we leave all the goats and fowls for other people, if they come to the island."

"Do we leave all the turtle in the pond?" said Tommy; "turtle makes good soup. I like turtle."

"That's well thought of," said Captain Osborn; "we will take the turtle on board. It will not be losing much time."

"Oh, no," replied the commander of the schooner; "go down, then, my men, push one of the boats round, and get the turtle on board."

While this little delay took place, Mrs. Seagrave walked to Ready's grave, to see the paling and board

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which William had told her had been put up. She would have lingered still, hanging on her husband's arm, but Captain Osborn again came to tell her that the boat waited for them.

As Mr. Seagrave was aware that the commander of the schooner was anxious to get clear of the islands before night, he now led his wife down to the boat. They all embarked, and were soon on the deck of the schooner, from whence they continued to fix their eyes upon the island, while the men were heaving up the anchor. At last sail was made upon the vessel, the garden point was cleared, and as they ran away with a fair wind, each object on the shore became more indistinct. Still their eyes were turned in that direction. Juno and William stood abaft; William had the spy-glass, and was looking through it very steadily as the vessel ran on, when Captain Osborn inquired what he was looking at. "I am taking my last farewell of Ready's grave," replied William.

"He really a good man," said Juno in a low voice.

As they ran down to the westward, they passed the cove where they had first landed, and Mr. Seagrave directed Mrs. Seagrave's attention to it. Mrs. Seagrave remained for some time looking at it in silence, and then said as she turned away—

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"We shall never be more happy than we were on that island, Seagrave."

"It will indeed be well, my dear, if we never are less happy," replied her husband.

The schooner now ran fast through the water, and the island was every minute less distinct; after a time, the land was below the horizon, and the tops of the cocoa-nut trees only to be seen: these gradually disappeared. Juno watched on, and when at last nothing could be seen, she waved her handkerchief in the direction of the island, as if to bid it farewell, and then went down below, to hide her grief.

The wind continued fair, and, after a favourable passage of little more than four weeks, they arrived at Sydney Cove, the port to which they were bound when they embarked from England on board of the good ship "Pacific."

P.S.—As my young readers will probably wish to know a little more about the Seagrave family, I will inform them that Mr. Seagrave, like the patriarch Job after his tribulation, found his flocks and herds greatly increased on his arrival at Sydney. The agent whom he had left in charge of his property

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had been diligent and honest, and although it was fully believed that the whole of the family had perished, and that the estates would go to distant heirs, still the delay of law proceedings and the many months which it required to communicate with England, added to the want of positive knowledge of their loss, had not yet permitted the estates to pass away, and they were still in the hands of the executors. Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave lived to see all their children grown up. William inherited the greater part of the property from his father, after having for many years assisted him in the management of it. He married and had a numerous family. Tommy, notwithstanding all his scrapes, grew up a very fine fellow, and entered the army. He is now a major, and is said to retain his juvenile tastes so far, that, among his many arduous duties, he is still a very sedulous and efficient officer at the *Mess Table.* Caroline married a young clergyman, and made him an excellent wife; little Albert went into the navy, and is at present a commander.

Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave are both dead, but poor Juno is still alive, and lives at Seagrave Plantation with William, and her greatest pleasure is to take his children on her knee, and tell them long stories

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about the island, and make them cry when she goes through the history of old Ready's death and burial.

And now, my dear children, having given you all the information that I possess, I have only to add, that I hope you like what I have written for you, and bid you heartily farewell.

THE END.

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NOTE.

THE author of this little work has received a letter from one of the family of the Mastermans, stating that an unpleasant feeling has been created by his assuming that name for the godfather of Masterman Ready, inasmuch as the character of the godfather is not one that is at all enviable. What might make it appear that he had actually referred to one of the members of that family in this work of fiction, is, that, by the strangest coincidence, there have been Mastermans, for nearly a century, residing at South Shields, and as ship-owners and builders, so that by a mere chance, he has not only assumed the *name*, but the *residence* and the *occupation* of the parties. It is therefore his duty to state that this coincidence, strange as it is, was quite an accident, and that he never could or would have taken a step which could cause any pain or annoyance to so respectable a family.

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